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A Case History by Saul S. Friedman

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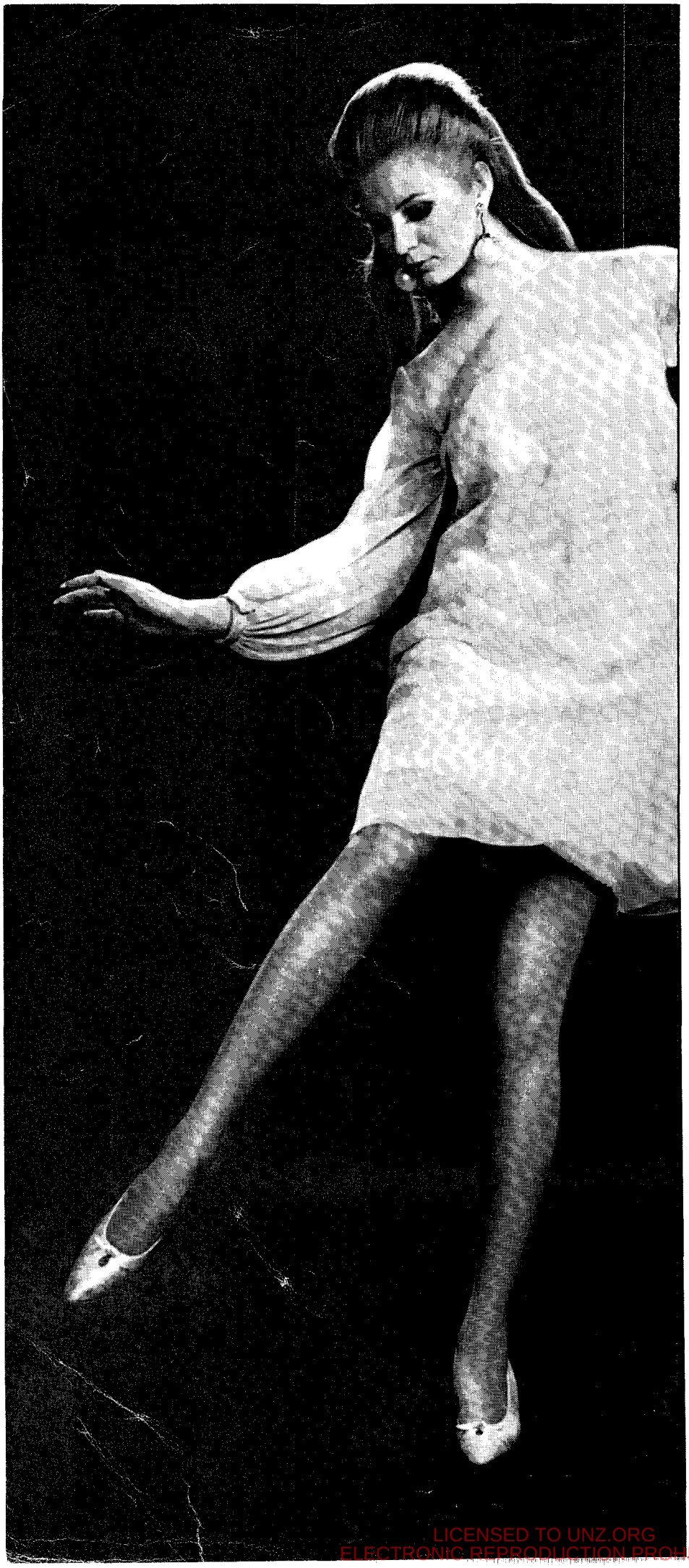

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VOL. XIX No. 33

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Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN
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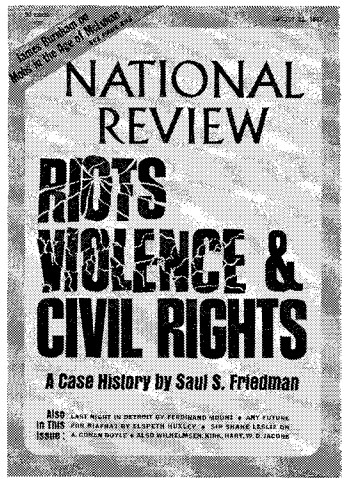
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Martin Luther King, Floyd McKissick, Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins met last June, when the summer's fires were still just a spark in the rhetoric of Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, and decided that somebody should do something quick about America's inner city before things got any hotter. The city they choose for preventive treatment: Cleveland. But riot prevention had been going on in Cleveland at least as far back as 1963: the Greater Cleveland Council on Economic Opportunity, headed by a Negro and comprised of an acronymic variety of job opportunity programs; other programs set up by federal and local government or private agencies—and yet Cleveland rioted in 1966. Why Cleveland failed is the subject of **Saul S. Friedman**'s absorbing study, beginning on p. 896. Mr. Friedman knows Cleveland, and its failure, from the inside. Now an instructor in history at Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio, he was a social worker in Hough at the time of the riots there, and witnessed the events which he describes in his article at firsthand. He writes: "I was the only white worker in my unit at the time, and the only one who lasted the complete two years of the Courts and Correction program. In addition, I have spent two more years as a county welfare worker while continuing my work toward a Ph.D. in history from Ohio State University, and I believe that I can speak with some candor on the problems of the Negro community in general." . . . Cleveland's eruption (four dead, fifty injured, 164 arrested, property damage in the millions) was modest compared to Detroit's (43 dead, 347 injured, 3,800 arrested, property damage $500 million). **Ferdinand Mount** contemplates the wreckage and coins a new term for "ghetto." . . . Two further aspects of the rioting are examined by **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** and **James Burnham:** 1) the political nexus, as it relates to Vietnam, and 2) the communications nexus: does instantaneous coverage incite as well as inform?



➔ **Elspeth Huxley** keeps track of the African wars, asking whether Biafra can long endure. . . . From Austria, **L. M. Taubinger** keeps track of the Comintern, an old wolf in shepherd's clothing. . . . Charles de Gaulle's grand design, to **E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** is an *idée fixe*. . . . High on a windy Alp, **Nika Standen Hazelton** writes of good living and low prices. . . . And **Russell Kirk** refreshes his soul in Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm.

➔ In Books, Professor **Jeffrey Hart** (Dartmouth) takes on Gerald Sykes, who is taking over from Jacques Ellul, who took over from Marshall McLuhan. . . . **Walter Darnell Jacobs,** expert on armaments and Soviet strategy, reviews a good book on the Treaty of Moscow. . . . Having accomplished his own autobiography (*Long Shadows,* British Book Centre), Sir **Shane Leslie** writes of another great Englishman, Sherlock Holmes, alias Conan Doyle. . . . **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen** reviews Thomas Molnar's new book. . . . **Richard Corliss** has written criticism for *Film Quarterly.* ➔

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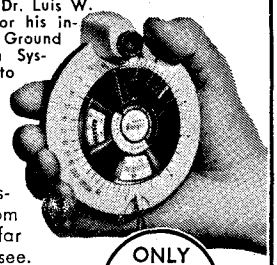

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LETTERS

Hippies v. Conservatives

Will Herberg's "Who are the Hippies?" in the August 8 issue does a good job of telling *who* and *what* but certainly not *why*.

The hippie finds American society intolerable because, due to its hybrid nature, it tends to incorporate the *worst* of all possible worlds. It displays the evils of socialism and the vestiges of capitalistic "abuse." Having displaced much of what was good in one system with much of what is bad in the other, American society has submerged itself in mediocrity. On this the hippies—and the conservatives—will agree.

The difference, of course, lies in the reaction of the conservative as opposed to that of the hippie. The hippie rejects and withdraws. He denies society his use. The conservative criticizes and involves himself. But both are merely replying to the same condition.

If we are someday able to return to traditional American ideals of government—to authentic American liberalism—the hippies will blend quietly into the body politic. And conservatives can once again assert their claim to genuine liberalism.

New York, N.Y. LEE VAN PERK

Rep. Fino's Record

My colleague, Rep. Paul Fino, wrote in your July 25th letters column that he had been unfairly labeled as a "wholesale defector" from GOP ranks in the June 27th issue of *NR*.

Since the voting record in question was published by the American Conservative Union, of which I am chairman, I cannot refrain from commenting. Although your editor's note, which states that the voting record in our DMV Report was self-indicting, was essentially correct, I believe a few words of qualification are in order.

Mr. Fino's record over the past two years has been immensely better than that of the previous four. In fact, ACU newsletters and reports have frequently praised his speeches on the House Floor relative to East-West trade, especially his outstanding work on the Fiat deal with the Soviet Union to be financed by the Export-Import Bank. Another example of Fino's good work in the House was his leadership last year in the fight to preserve neighborhood schools.

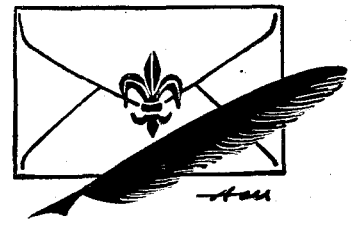
Speaking as Chairman of ACU, I must say that Republicans in the 24th Congressional District of New York are fortunate to have Paul Fino as their representative.

Washington, D.C. JOHN M. ASHBROOK
Member of Congress, 17th District, Ohio
Chairman, American Conservative Union

Kirk on Sots

I must take issue with Mr. Russell Kirk (whom I know personally as a handsome, erudite and lovely fellow) in his article of July 25th, "The Sot: His Psyche or His Genes?"

Mr. Kirk (ah, Russell!) asserts that the ancient Greeks and Romans "did not have distilled spirits." Wrong! The ancient Syrians distilled grain, and made a potent drink, probably at least 100 proof. My research on the subject—for a number of books, I hasten to add—shows that the Syrians exported it to Israel and made a fine profit and had a thriving trade among the Jews, who preferred it to their rather lively wine. In fact, when the Romans took over Israel they put a tax on the imported whisky—or brandy, possibly—and each bottle had to bear the Roman stamp before the Israeli merchants could sell it in their shops. But the enterprising Jews got around that, of course, as people always do, and there was a magnificent rum-running and smuggling going on right under the noses of the Romans—who began to prefer the whisky to their *vin ordinaire*. Then the Jews, enterprising again, set up moonshine stills rivaling the Syrian product, and did an excellent business in the hot hills of



Israel. (For proof of this, recall the eulogies of David concerning wine: "Oil to make the countenance shine, wine to make glad the heart of man!" Wine was never denounced in the Holy Bible, but "strong drink" surely was, by the counterparts, no doubt, of the WCTU and their abject spouses.)

When I was in the Holy Land and talking with hundreds of Israelis, Jews, Moslems and Christians, I was invited to numerous houses for cocktails. I was never offered that damnable sherry, so beloved of the English, and fit only to be used in cooking. But there were whiskies and my hosts, Jews, Moslems or Christians, led the merry, merry festivities. Religion has nothing to do with the case! Even the Moslems, forbidden by their religion to touch anything stronger than water, tea or coffee, could keep up with any American sot, and in that fiery weather, too.

Incidentally, Russell, when you say "What Spaniard must arouse sluggish passions by tippling?" you don't know the half of it. A Spaniard, by nature, is usually on-the-ready, even just with wine, but give him whisky—ah me, if I were just a few decades younger!

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

Arabs v. Israel

Whether the establishment of Israel was advisable or not remains debatable in terms of 1958. Today Israel is a generally recognized state and together with the Arab countries holds membership in the UN. Logically and legally, the Arabs cannot ask for protection from the UN and at the same time, by demanding

(Continued on p. 924)

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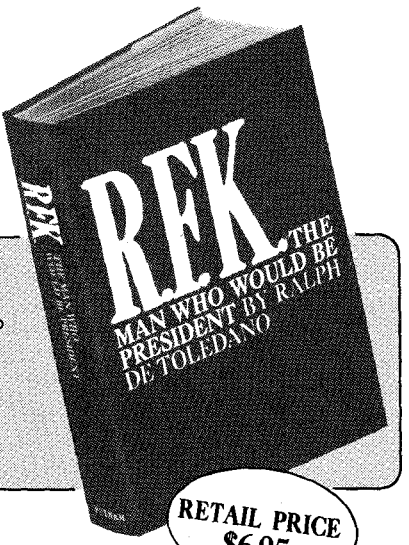

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- Fascinating cut and thrust between LBJ and RFK. Johnson gags on a bitter pill. 1964: adroit moves win that round for Lyndon.
- The Meredith incident. Bobby publicly compares Mississippi with Nazi Germany, privately negotiates face-saving gestures with Ross Barnett.
- Schlesinger and Rusk play on JFK's wavering, lead him to emasculate the Cuban invasion. Ethel embarrasses Bobby in front of Cuban Leader Roberto San Roman.
- Bobby's mode of conduct as employee of Senate Labor Rackets committee: he yells at Senators, bullies witnesses. The Army purchasing agent — a woman — who charged that Bobby and his aide had put her in a "hot room" and had "browbeaten, badgered and kicked me around." Bobby uses committee to persecute Nixon aide Murray Chotiner. Congressman Celler saves Bobby from House investigation.
- Complete rundown on Bobby and the Manchester book controversy.
- FBI undermined. RFK forces Hoover to reassign best agents from national security duty, leaks anti-FBI stories to pals in the press.
- Bobby moves to control nation's banking and business.
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The WEEK

● For many years, *A Short History of the United States*, by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins, has been one of the most widely used university textbooks in its field. The updated new edition, published by Knopf in 1966, thus (p. 649) describes the Republican Presidential campaign of 1964: "Organized and directed by extremists and fanatics in the party who howled down all opposition, insulted all competing candidates, and even voted against a civil rights plank in the platform, that [the 1964 Republican] convention provided the first shock to the rank and file of Republicans throughout the country. . . . The campaign speedily took on a nightmare quality. In the gentlest terms and most reasonable manner, Senator Goldwater advocated what seemed like hair-raising policies and programs—'seemed like' because there was so little rationale or consistency in his campaign. . . . The recklessness of his advocacy, his seeming inability to formulate any real programs, his readiness to court extremists and the racists and the militarists, dismayed moderate Republicans everywhere." A model, wouldn't you agree, of objective scholarship?

● They're no longer referring to Ronald Reagan as a "former TV actor". When the California legislature dispersed last week, just about everyone—from *Time* Magazine to Jesse Unruh—agreed that Reagan had won his political spurs. His budget, although a record-breaker at $5 billion, was $43 million less than the legislature proposed and contained many economies in state operations. It won legislative approval, as did his $933-million tax increase program—fulfilling Reagan's campaign pledge that California's income will equal her expenditures. What most impresses the political pros is Reagan's ability to deal with a Democratic-controlled legislature: by compromising carefully, he managed to get much of what he wanted. He worked well with Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh (who, back in the old days, used to love to frustrate Governor Pat Brown at every turn), and when the session was over, Unruh admitted that "all in all . . . Reagan did very well." A nationwide Gallup survey showed that Reagan can attract as many independent voters as Lyndon Johnson.

● More petitioned against than petitioning, members of Congress now discover that those 1,300 clean-limbed college kids they hired as summer internes are circulating pro- and anti-Vietnik proclamations. Mark Green (who works for Sen. Javits) wants "a healthier world." Mark Mazo (on Sen. Hollings' squad) wants to undo the harm done by the Green petition, while Bob Martin (of Rep. Lukens' stable) wants to dissociate internes from the Vietniks. And the poor ole legislators thought the kids just wanted to learn the mysterious ways of Congress.

● Was 29-year-old Simon McHugh appointed to a $26,000 job on the Subversive Activities Control Board because he was the best man for the job, or because he married former White House Secretary Victoria McCammon? Congress wants to know, although the Senate having confirmed the nomination it's too late to do anything much about it now. But more important, and McHugh's appointment brought this up: is there any point in having an SACB at all? It has been years, literally years, since the SACB has ordered any organization to register as a subversive group. It has only a single case on its agenda at the moment. It was twenty months ago . . . or was it only six? . . . that it last held a meeting. It really can't do anything much in the light of recent Supreme Court rulings. But still it is there, and in the manner of bureaucratic organisms, it continues to expand and demand, year after year, ever greater sums for the staff it doesn't need, the investigations it doesn't make, the meetings it doesn't hold. The President's appointment of McHugh may cost the country $26,000-plus and save it several hundred thousand bucks in future SACB appropriations. Devious man, LBJ.

● But what do you suppose could have been the President's motive in appointing Victoria's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McCammon, to represent the United States at last year's Budapest International Fair (cost to U.S.: $2,253)? Maybe he's not so devious after all, just susceptible, as Texans are apt to be, to a pretty face. ("The President steps into the office of Juanita Roberts. . . . He glances at the young and dark and pretty face of Victoria McCammon. 'That's a good hairdo,' he says." *A Day in the Life of President Johnson*, by Jim Bishop, p. 70.)

● It is only now, nearly twenty years after the fact, and after considerable prodding by Rep. Edward Derwinski (R., Ill.), that the State Department has revealed that the United States awarded Yugoslav Chetnik leader General Mihailovich the Legion of Merit for resisting the Nazi invaders and helping downed American aviators escape. The Legion of Merit award was signed by President Truman in 1948—and immediately classified lest it displease Tito who had, by that time, captured and executed Mihailovich. Tito claimed Mihailovich had collaborated with the Germans. His crime, in fact, was that he was

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anti-Communist, anti-Tito and loyal to his sovereign, King Peter. So . . . well, that was in another country, and after all the stench is dead.

● "Only through a determined breast stroke can we defeat the revisionists" (Sayings of Mao #356, 841). A year after the Chairman's legendary or mythical swim across the Yangtze, opposition to his cultural revolution was still in flood. The Army in the most powerful provinces appeared to be in open revolt against Maoism, particularly in the industrial center of Wuhan. The Red Guard says 250 Maoists were killed with "spears, steel forks and axes." Mao dispatched two important envoys to mediate. They were kidnaped. But now, says Peking radio, all is hunky-dory in Wuhan. Fifty thousand civilians and soldiers swam the Yangtze together along the same route as the Chairman "to mark the unity between the people and the Army." Cynics discount the mass natation as a propaganda canard. But if we can believe that a septuagenarian invalid swam nine miles of swift, muddy river in world record time, surely we can accept that 50,000 Chinese would take time off from a bitter civil war to follow his example.

● Flare-ups of fighting along the Jordanian border. Shots fired at Suez. The UN arranges a temporary truce in the Canal. Arab shopkeepers strike in Jerusalem. Four Arab merchants are arrested in Jerusalem. Soviet tanks and planes arrive in Egypt. Israeli military agents talk to the French in Paris. So it goes, day after day. A report from this capital or that with yet another detail on the Middle East crisis, and the weeks roll on with Israel on the West Bank of the Jordan, in Jerusalem, in the Gaza strip and the Sinai peninsula, along the Strait of Tiran, along the Canal. The world starts to get used to the fact, just as it got used to the fact of two Germanys, two Berlins, two Chinas, two Koreas, two Vietnams and a UDI Rhodesia. It is, in the words of dozens upon dozens of orators at the United Nations, a situation that the world cannot afford to have continue, but continue it does and pretty soon it will feel as familiar as an old burnoose.

● Expo 67, this summer's monument to international understanding and goodwill, was the scene of a Hate America love-feast last week. Seems it was Youth Day at the fair, and somebody got up a "Rally for Youth, Joy and Peace." As has become usual, native-born Americans led the hate parade: Paul Goodman, Julian Bond and William Pepper spoke, and Norman Thomas denounced the "infamous war in Vietnam"; Ralph Bunche (representing the extreme right?) chuckled and allowed as how it was better for the youngsters to be "strident and sometimes, perhaps, excessive" than to become "complacent and stagnant." Among the honored guests were 125 American pacifists trucked in by a Quaker group, who came to the rally after handing over $3,500 to the Canadian Friends Service Committee for transmission to North Vietnam and the Vietcong.

Watts to Detroit

Detroit is at last becalmed, and as always in the wake of such disasters the talk is all of causes and cures. But causes and cures are not so easy to come by in 1967 as they were in 1965, when Watts exploded. In those days it was possible to assume that the cause was poverty pure and simple and that, as the McCone Commission decided, the troublemakers were confined to "small elements of the population," mainly recent Southern migrants. The cure: instant Great Society—a federal grant of $1.7 million; work programs; welfare programs; a new police chief; a Community Alert Patrol; a bus line linking the ghetto to the outer city and enabling residents to get out and get jobs; creative arts workshops and other fancy diversions and distractions. Yet when Detroit burned, it burned also $185 million in federal funds based on the presumptive cure for Watts. And a two-year study of the Watts violence conducted by UCLA concludes: "If our analysis is correct, the problems of urban life for the Negro, even in the palm-lined spaciousness of Los Angeles, have grown acute, and a significant number of Negroes, successful or unsuccessful, are emotionally prepared for violence as a strategy or solution to end the problems of segregation, exploitation and subordination." This seems to have been borne out by Detroit.

In the flaring light of Detroit, the riot problem seems to have less to do with the central themes of the civil rights/integration crusades of the last decade than it did two years ago. Analysts now discern a historical convulsion affecting broad areas of the society, one that will not yield to noble experiments in integration which only salve the white conscience. Nevertheless, if it is true that even many middle-class Negroes are "emotionally prepared for violence" then violence itself has become a problem to be dealt with, and soon, lest the urban Negro wipe himself out before the planners have a chance to apply their remedies.

Thus riot control becomes not a cure but a necessary hedge against catastrophe. The anti-riot, anti-crime bill passed by the House last week wisely reserves to the states the means to strengthen, re-equip and retrain local law enforcers. The sad record of the National Guard in Newark shows what can happen when undertrained, underbriefed troops attempt to operate in unfamiliar territory against an unfamiliar enemy. Routine methods are not very successful when the demonstrator has yielded place to the sniper, the looter, the firebomber. The recommendations for riot control that are now passing back and forth be-

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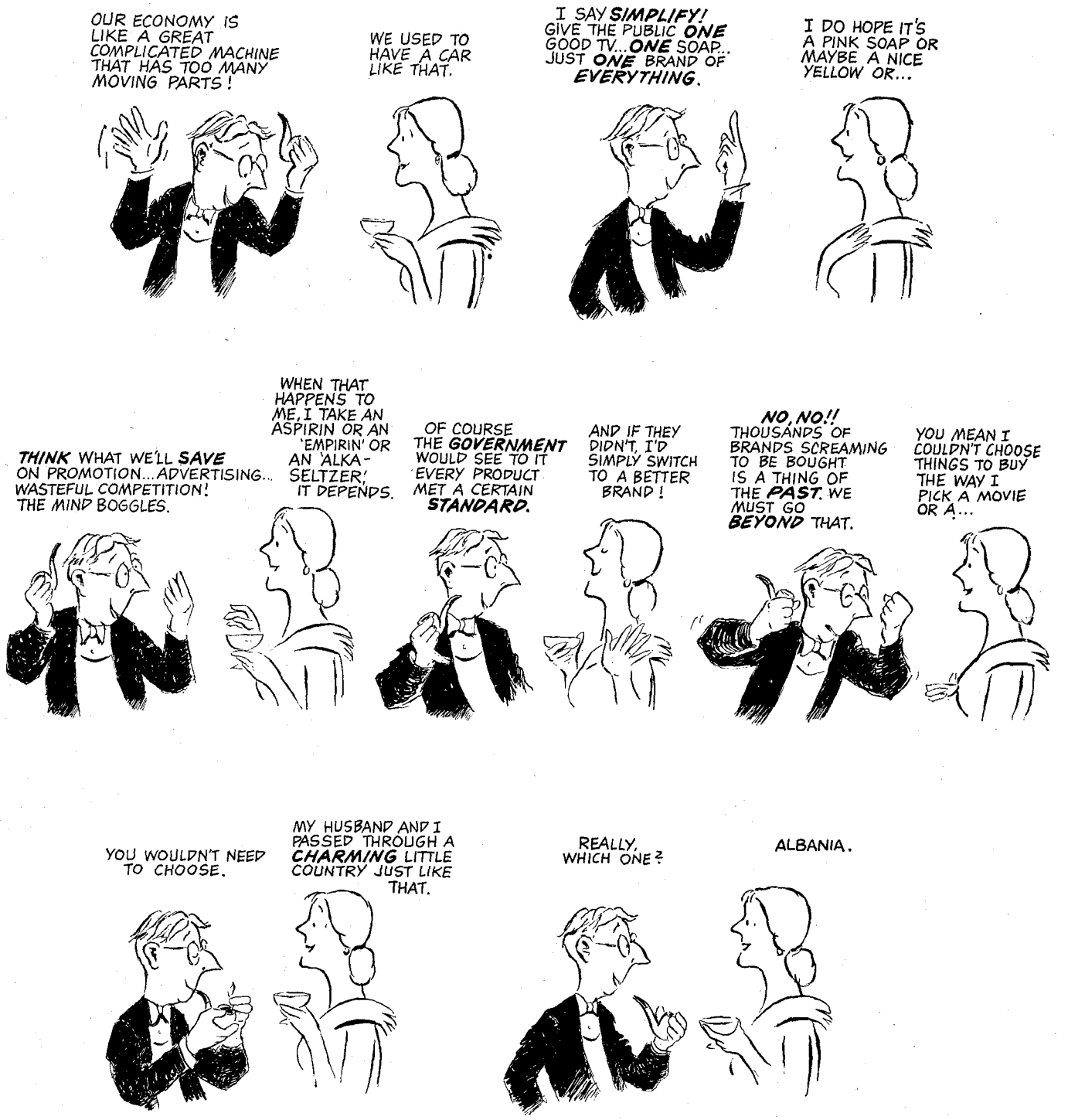
OUR ECONOMY IS LIKE A GREAT COMPLICATED MACHINE THAT HAS TOO MANY MOVING PARTS!
WE USED TO HAVE A CAR LIKE THAT.
I SAY SIMPLIFY! GIVE THE PUBLIC ONE GOOD TV...ONE SOAP... JUST ONE BRAND OF EVERYTHING.
I DO HOPE IT'S A PINK SOAP OR MAYBE A NICE YELLOW OR...
THINK WHAT WE'LL SAVE ON PROMOTION...ADVERTISING... WASTEFUL COMPETITION! THE MIND BOGGLES.
WHEN THAT HAPPENS TO ME, I TAKE AN ASPIRIN OR AN 'EMPIRIN' OR AN 'ALKA-SELTZER,' IT DEPENDS.
OF COURSE THE GOVERNMENT WOULD SEE TO IT EVERY PRODUCT MET A CERTAIN STANDARD.
AND IF THEY DIDN'T, I'D SIMPLY SWITCH TO A BETTER BRAND!
NO, NO!! THOUSANDS OF BRANDS SCREAMING TO BE BOUGHT IS A THING OF THE PAST. WE MUST GO BEYOND THAT.
YOU MEAN I COULDN'T CHOOSE THINGS TO BUY THE WAY I PICK A MOVIE OR A...
YOU WOULDN'T NEED TO CHOOSE.
MY HUSBAND AND I PASSED THROUGH A CHARMING LITTLE COUNTRY JUST LIKE THAT.
REALLY, WHICH ONE?
ALBANIA.

If you're laughing at that fellow up above, we've got news for you. He's serious!

There actually are people—well-meaning people—in this country today who think the government should regulate the number of brands on the market.

Mrs. Smith is confused by all the varieties of soap on her supermarket shelf, they say. It would simplify things if there were only four or five, they claim. Make shopping a whole lot quicker and easier.

Of course, poor, little, mixed-up Mrs. Smith won't get to choose which soaps go and which soaps stay. Seventeen years of sharp-eyed, close-fisted comparison shopping and product testing apparently have left Mrs. Smith incapable of that judgment.

So, now she'll have friends in high places to do her shopping for her. Lucky Mrs. Smith.

Let's hope they know Mrs. Smith has a 12-year-old with dry skin. And a mauve bathroom.

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In the Next Issue

Inside Story: The Israeli Attack on the U.S. S. Liberty
by James Jackson Kilpatrick

Soviet Production: A Debate
Eugene Lyons v. *Roger Freeman*

tween the Army and the National Guard, the FBI and local police, are in fact war memorandums. They are full of advice on deployment, methods of command, firefighting, use of weaponry and a new non-lethal gas called Chemical Mace. They are highly technical and they are serious. As is the problem we face.

What Price Integration?

The United States Commission on Civil Rights, in a report issued August 7, states as "the central fact": "The vast majority of Negro children in the South still are being denied the rights declared to be theirs by the Supreme Court's decision in the school segregation cases and the Civil Rights Act of 1964." There are today, the report notes, "more Negro children in all-Negro schools than before the 1954 [*Brown*] school decision." The Commission concludes that "this cannot be a time for retrenchment or wavering of purpose." There must be redoubled effort, manpower, money and legal action to compel "desegregation throughout the system." It should be required "that, by the 1968-69 school year, schools no longer be racially identifiable on the basis of the racial composition of the faculty or staff. . . . All other provisions of the [integration] guidelines should be firmly and consistently enforced."

Was there not, one wonders, even one member of the Commission to whom this "central fact" of massive non-compliance after thirteen years suggested at least a brief questioning glance back at the starting point: at the doctrine of "integration" from which the Court's decisions, the Congress' Acts and the Commission's guidelines sprang?

The belief that "integration" is the solution to "the racial question" has been dominant in American opinion outside the South, especially among intellectuals and publicists, for a generation, and official doctrine since 1954. Mainstream dialogue concerning racial issues assumes the ideal of integration and debates only subsidiary questions of timing and method. But surely events compel us to re-examine the root concept itself. The facts seem to prove that the mass of the population, black as well as white, does not want integration in practice, whatever some may say in theory. They do not want it, and they find ways to evade or avoid it, as the Commission recounts. (The Commission also notes the swift rise in the number of private schools—and queries whether they should not be refused the tax exemption which 42 more of them got from IRS in the single week preceding the August 7 report.) Nor is it whites only who reject integration. We are learning this summer, if we had not known it before, that many Negroes reject integration even more wholly than any whites. "Black Power" is not an integrationist slogan.

This country is not exceptional. In truth, though there are a few countries without racial troubles—mostly those composed of one race only—there is no country with genuine racial integration. Moreover, as Daniel Moynihan and Nathan Glazer showed in *Beyond the Melting Pot,* in the United States there has not taken place a full integration even of the diverse ethnic strains among the whites.

The American idea of integration, conceptually at any rate, is the opposite of the South African idea of apartheid. Both concepts are interpreted as *total* and *coercive.* For South Africa, the races are to be required by law and force to operate along separate lines in all dimensions: to live, eat, love, vote, play, learn, work separately (though in practice this last provision cannot be strictly maintained). For the United States, law and force will require that there shall be *no* separateness, *no* discrimination or distinction between the races in any dimension: not in housing, schooling, voting, eating, marrying, holding office, playing, traveling. Surely these opposite extremes—mirror images, really—do not exhaust the alternatives.

The South African government says to the blacks of Johannesburg: you must live here (pointing to an area some miles out of the central city) and here only. The coercive factor is repellent—though it is a fact that by this housing policy the blacks shifted from city slums and shanty-towns to one-family cottage developments in the countryside. Suppose such a shift were voluntary. Suppose a new, subsidized "green city" (in the British phrase) were built well away from the central city, and suppose that Negro families of the central city were favored as tenants (though with whites still permitted on a lower priority). This would certainly not express the ideal of integration, but it would get Negroes out of the grim, explosive central city ghettoes, and also place them nearer the jobs that are moving outward.

"Black Power," besides its savage connotation in the mouths of the Carmichaels and Rap Browns—which can be dealt with only by force and judicial firmness—can suggest also "black responsibility," and why should there be objection to that, once we step outside the assumption of "integration"? Do Negroes want to run the towns where they are a majority? Very well. They have the vote. Let them

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use it, take over, lawfully, and see how they can do. Even if it's not very well, they may prefer their own mistakes to Whitey's skills; and their white neighbors, if they dislike inordinately the way things go, can pack up and get out. In New York and several other cities last year, there were demands that Negroes should administer schools in Negro neighborhoods. If this exercise of Black Power really is, in a given case, the wish of a large majority of the parents, it might be worth the experiment. The quality of education might suffer, true enough; and then the parents could decide which they preferred for their children, the power or the schooling.

Of course there are many Negroes, probably a majority, who do want at least a reasonable measure of integration within the national community, and more and more of them are getting it, without riots. They have learned the lesson of the experience of the Germans, Irish, Italians and every other immigrant group entering our society: that the main road leading up to an honorable estate in America is economic, and that progress along the economic road requires, generally speaking, hard work and self-discipline. If the President and Congress ever get serious about the longer-term problems of race relations, they will pay less attention to ladling out loosely administered bundles of money in the vain hope of bribing the incorrigible troublemakers, and a good deal more attention to removing the obstacles which the Negroes who are, or want to be, "upwardly mobile" (as the sociologists say) find on the economic road: that is to say, getting rid of the minimum wage laws, monopolistic union control of wage rates, and discrimination by unions or employers in hiring and advancement practices, which prevent Negroes from competing fairly in the labor market.

We do not argue that the specific measures here discussed are the best or only possibilities. We have mentioned these primarily as illustrations of how the race issue might be dealt with if we stop treating integration and separateness as ideological absolutes and stop imagining that either race can be forced by arbitrary fiat into a relationship that neither wants. It will be a catastrophe for the nation if the relation between whites and Negroes is reduced to force and violence. That is just what ideological absolutes, very often, lead to.

Vietnam Stalemate?

Amid signs that the Vietnam war is bogging down in a stalemate, with no military initiative being taken by either side, Rep. Gerald R. Ford, House minority leader, in a speech August 8 to Congress that he labeled "a break with the Administration," sharply attacked the conduct of the war. Alleging incontrovertible classified sources as his evidence, Mr. Ford listed as "officially off-limits to air attack under high-level orders from Washington": 1) nearly half the identified top priority targets in North Vietnam; 2) "most of the air defense control centers that have accounted for more than 600 U.S. planes, most of his [the enemy's] major airfields and all of his naval facilities"; 3) three-fourths of the North Vietnamese petroleum storage capacity, one-third of its electric power facilities, all seaport facilities and canal locks and 60 per cent of the key targets in the transportation network.

Rep. Ford declared that he could see "no justification for sending one more American soldier to Vietnam" unless President Johnson lifts the restrictions on the bombing campaign against North Vietnam. "Our Navy and Air Force," he went on, "have clear superiority in the air over North Vietnam and its coastal areas. They have the weapons and resources they need." He demanded unrestricted bombing and sea attack against every significant military and industrial target in North Vietnam.

Secretary of Defense McNamara issued the Administration's reply the same evening. He did not deny Rep. Ford's revelations, but merely repeated the official justification for the policy of restraint: "Mr. Ford's speech completely ignores the basic objectives of the air campaign against North Vietnam." They are not "to invade, conquer or destroy" North Vietnam but to reduce the flow of men and supplies from North to South Vietnam and to increase the cost to Hanoi of maintaining the flow. The restraints on bombing are "to save American lives, to avoid unnecessary devastation and civilian casualties in North Vietnam and to avoid action which carries with it the risk of widening the war, with all that implies. We believe the American public supports these restraints."

If Mr. McNamara still believes so, there is rapidly mounting evidence that he is fooling himself and perhaps his boss. This Ford-McNamara exchange is one more item indicating that a very large portion of the American public is coming around more and more firmly to the opinion that, in re the Vietnam war, it is time to get really in or get out.

More Boom

People just can't learn to stop worrying and love the boom. The conclusions of the latest series of tests at Edwards Air Force Base, California, confirm earlier tests at White Sands, New Mexico and Oklahoma City. Superbang does not do much damage to physical property. Three out of 100,000 panes of glass inspected were apparently shattered by the noise, which libertarians will note is three too many. But the real damage is to the human ear. From one-

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ National Capital police, apprehensive of riot rumors ricocheting around the city, are still muttering about the recent wire service report telling of "roaming bands of Negroes" on the move "within a mile of the White House." The same story described a police "charge" that broke up gang elements that had "surged north and northwest of the White House, Capitol, and other landmarks," and went on in similar frontline-dispatch style that had parents from Beaver Falls, Pa. to Anaheim, Cal. bolting for the nearest phone to inquire whether vacationing daughters were safe in Loyalist, or held captive in Insurgent, Washington, D.C. In a breach of professional ranks, irritated local newsmen joined police spokesmen to charge exacerbating coverage of what was described by others on the scene as an outbreak of teen-age vandalism, no casual affair, to be sure, but well within law enforcement control. Similar instances of provocative policeman-bites-mad-dog reportage have led some congressmen to say that news coverage itself is providing a degree of psychological incentive to summer rioters, and the FCC ought to look into aspects of television/radio treatment of riots and the riotous. Traditionally, the Congress walks gingerly around press rights and privileges, and most efforts to investigate the Fourth Estate's practices have died aborning. However, in one form or another, the over-all question of standards for press, television and radio coverage of civil disorders is likely to come under serious study in the hot summer's aftermath.

◆ In a too-long, too-humid Potomac August, there remains, of course, the Other Washington, D.C., the one that no less a Washington celebrity than David Brinkley once described as a city filled with people in restaurants who think they are celebrities. He must have meant the nonphosphorescent diners like Mike Mansfield and Stewart Udall, for David himself has long since scored passing grades on the Cleveland Amory National Recognition Test, Restaurant Division; while Art Buchwald can be viewed, *cum panatela,* at the Sans Souci each midday; and the Junior Senator from New York, though more often than not dining privately, has reached that exalted pinnacle of celebrity where people know who he is, even if they don't always remember that he happens to be the Junior Senator from New York. Nor does knowledge of the uses of such celebrity, any less than the uses of power, elude the Junior Senator. He has emerged, for example, and in Lyndon Johnson's Washington at that, as the city's most accomplished practitioner of the Great Man Drop-In publicity gambit, that is, the sudden and unexpected (to all but press and television cameramen) intrusion of a Very Important Uninvited Person at common folks' functions. Last year, the *Evening Star's* David Braaten wrote a brilliant vignette describing Bobby's stickball visitation to a Capital neighborhood equivalent of the Lower East Side. The limos swept in, streets were roped off, and cameras ground away as the Junior Senator cavorted with the kids for eight to ten minutes, which is to say, until the film crews announced that they had all they needed. Then, Great Man, cameras, ropes, limos, all were gone, to return, when? Why just a few days ago, that's when, after the Junior Senator got word that Arthur Ashe, first Negro Davis Cupper, was scheduled to give the kids an exhibition of his skills with the racquet. Oh, Arthur finally did get a chance to show his stuff, but not until he had run through a few quick volleys with the drop-in visitor. Not regulation sets, of course . . . just eight to ten minutes' worth, give or take a frame.

◆ And then there is the pending application for celebrity of the Junior Senator from Illinois, who seems to find Bobby's publicity style to his tastes, but whose reach too often exceeds his feel. Speaking to an assembly of congressional summer interns, Chuck Percy first ingratiated himself by endorsing their "right" to disseminate an anti-Vietnam war petition during their stay here, but blew it all by telling of his visit to the hippies in "Haight-Hayworth."

—CATO

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third to 98 per cent of Edwards' residents objected in varying degrees to booms in the 2.0 to 3.5 pounds per square foot range. Any economic supersonic flying over land is certain to produce occasional booms of this magnitude.

As *NR* indicated ("Ban the Boom?", August 8), the more citizens know about the boom the less they like it. Objectors increased during the six months of the Oklahoma tests, and although Air Force jets have been booming over Edwards for four years, hundreds grasped the opportunity of formal tests to lodge their protests. Similar tests in Britain and France (where three deaths in the collapse of a Breton farmhouse have been blamed on the boom) have aroused equally vociferous protest. The Federal Aviation Agency has now conceded that the SST may be permitted to fly supersonically only over water. But the question remains whether either the Anglo-French Concord or the SST can be made to pay if thus restricted to subsonic speeds over land.

Rats, Riots and Politics

Several weeks ago, the House of Representatives, amidst wisecracks about the "monstrosity" of "rat patronage" and a "czar of rats," and catcalls about a cat corps, killed the Administration's $40-million Rat Extermination program, 207-176. However, after days of riots in the cities, criticism in the press, demagogy about "heartlessness" from Black Powerites, and hair-raising statistics on the damage to property and the injuries to slum babies by 90 mil-

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lion city rats, sponsors of the measure are hopeful their bill will get favorable treatment the second time round.

Meantime Governor Rockefeller announced that the State of New York will embark on its own total war against rats. With the consent of legislative leaders, he allocated an immediate $4.5 million to a New York anti-rat campaign. Thus the New York governor suggests the relevance of a serious objection made to the proposed congressional program: namely, that rat control, which is indeed a major urban concern, is more properly a local than a federal problem, and can be best handled by the states rather than a plush new "rat bureaucracy" in Washington.

And then, just as Congress was reconsidering, along came Dr. Leo Kartman of the U. S. Public Health Service, the chief federal expert on rats and wild rodents, with the assertion that the proposed congressional program can accomplish nothing to rid our cities of rats. After the trapping and poisoning funded by the bill, the rats will quickly re-multiply to former strength, which is determined by the available food and nesting sites. Only an unexciting, unnewsworthy long-term program to "eliminate the rats' food supply and deny them places to live" can have any hope of success.

Too Hot to Handle?

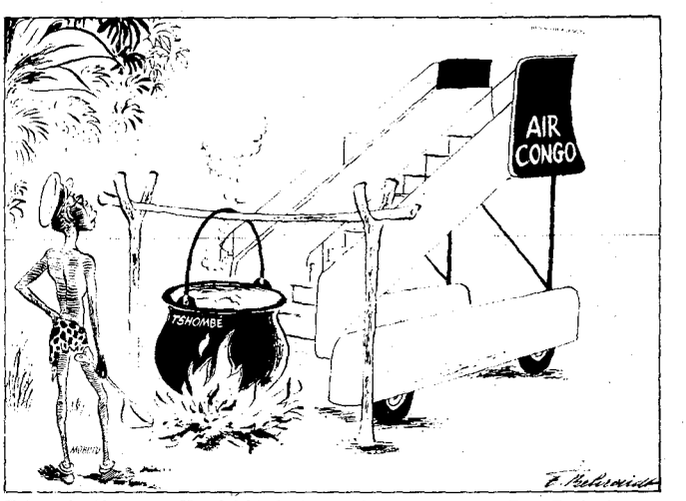
What's holding up Moise Tshombe's transfer to the Congo? Some sources believe it is the international uproar that followed the kidnaping; others, that discreet diplomatic pressures have been brought to bear on Mobutu and Houari Boumedienne by the United States and Belgium. Both factors undoubtedly have something to do with the delay.

According to Keith Kyle of the *London Observer*, in a story carried in the August 8 *Washington Post*, the scenario as now unfolding was quite different from Mobutu's original script. Tshombe's plane was to have been hijacked and set down in an Algerian military airfield and Tshombe transferred immediately to a Congolese plane, then flown to Kinshasa, all very hush hush, where the announcement of his capture would be made. (There is, incidentally, an indirect confirmation of this story: how can the Algerian government be selling a film of Tshombe's arrival in Algeria and his appearance before the Algerian supreme court if the camera crews were not awaiting his plane's touch-down?) The French ex-convict Bodenan, duly infiltrated into Tshombe's retinue, managed, on schedule, to divert the plane to Algeria. But here there was an unscheduled interpellation. The British pilot succeeded in radioing the message that he was being forced to land in Algeria and that Tshombe was one of his passengers. This blew the plot wide open.

What to do? Boumedienne decided to lay low for a while. Meanwhile the Israeli-Arab war broke out. Boumedienne figured that maybe the position of Number One Boy in the Arab world was about to be vacated and that he might just fit the slot. So he turned around and upped the price on Tshombe. According to Kyle, he has told Mobutu that he can have Tshombe on three conditions: 1) Mobutu break with Israel (a hard thing for Mobutu to do since Mobutu himself and the only reliable soldiers he has received their paracommando training in Israel); 2) that Mobutu align the Congo more firmly with the camp of the "progressive" i.e., anti-Western, nations, another hard thing to do since Mobutu depends on the United States and Belgium for most of his technical and financial aid; 3) that Mobutu release all Communists and other left-wing political prisoners, including the thousands of "simbas" rounded up after the Stanleyville revolt of 1964, also difficult for a Mobutu who may have to get on in the future without the help of white mercenaries.

Rentaguerrilla, Inc.

This is how the massive ideologorrhea went in Havana the fortnight just past. July 26, Cuba celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of Fidel's abortive attack on the Moncada Barracks at Santiago. Two days later came the meeting of the Latin American Solidarity Organization which claimed Communist delegates from 27 nations. LASO is a follow-up of the January 1966 Tri-Continental Conference. Though the Tri-Continental was sponsored and dominated by the Russians, it is now alleged that LASO has taken on a life of its own and that the Russians don't like it. Hubert Humphrey claims that Kosygin, on his post-Glassboro visit to Havana, dealt with Castro "very firmly." Yes and no. The Russians and East Europeans were little in evidence at LASO and the Soviets were even attacked for helping "dictatorships" in the Americas. But the USSR is still Cuba's paymaster, and Moscow retains its commitment to wars of "national liberation." All the better if the



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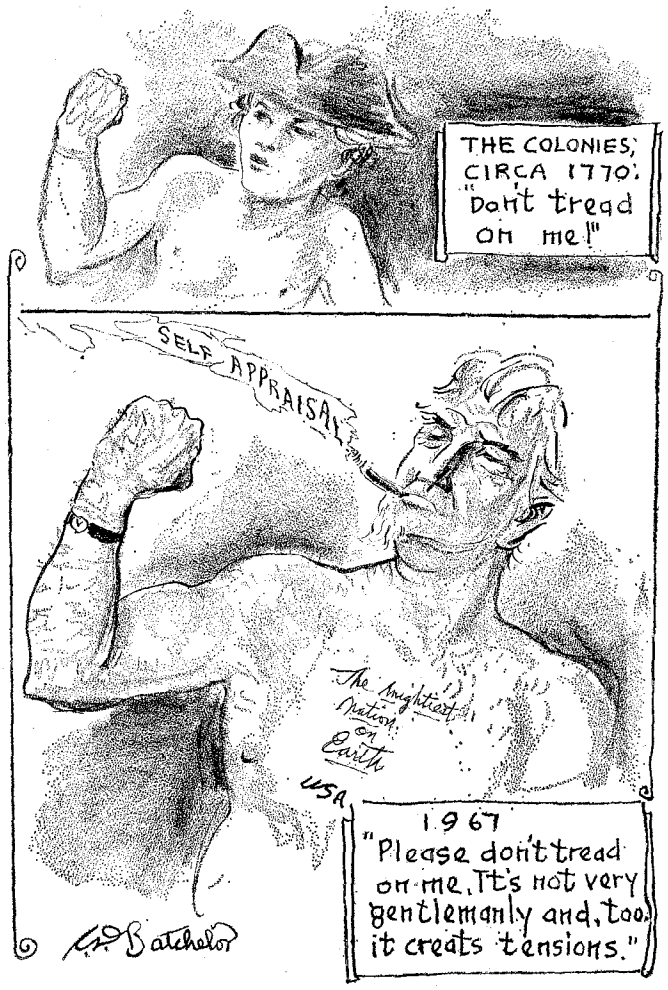
natives themselves can organize them, leaving the Soviet government free to maneuver in big-power diplomacy, until the time comes for a disciplined Communist apparat to bring order to the chaos manufactured by the guerrillas.

In his anniversary speech, Castro stressed two themes: 1) The duty of every revolutionist is to make revolution. This activist doctrine of continual revolution is updated Maoism. Its newest theoretician is Régis Debray, the young French journalist who is so informative about South American guerrillas. 2) Cubans must help all the oppressed peoples of the world, but they must not count on outside help in defending the island against the American imperialists. This is partly a crack at the Russians, but it is also in line with grassroots Maoism. Lin Piao said much the same about Vietnam last year.

Dead or alive, Che Guevara remains the myth motif behind the guerrilla movements in Guatemala, Venezuela, Chile, Colombia, Bolivia and Peru. These guerrillas have mostly already split with their local regular Communist parties. Luis Corvalan, a leading Chilean Communist, even denounced in *Pravda* Castro's policy of exporting his brand of Communism to other countries. Exported Castroism has not yet had much success in its eight years of operation and has indeed sometimes precipitated right-wing governments. But its appeal is to the young, and they were young men who failed to capture the Moncada Barracks.

Two floor shows were laid on for LASO delegates. Four Colombian Castroites and an Ecuadorian hijacked a Colombian airliner to Havana. The 69 passengers were later allowed to fly on, while delegates chortled. And Castro produced six counterrevolutionary prisoners allegedly sent to Cuba by the CIA. But the principal exhibit was anti-American invective. And Stokely stole that show.


THE COLONIES, CIRCA 1770:
"Don't tread on me!"
SELF APPRAISAL
The brightest nation on Earth
USA
1967
"Please don't tread on me. It's not very gentlemanly and, too, it creats tensions."

Publishers at Play

Funny things happen these days on the way to the publisher. Like the Manchester flap, or this character roaming around Europe with copies of Svetlana Stalin's *Twenty Letters* and family portraits. And then this sort of tangle. Dial Press, a while back, announces *Report from Iron Mountain,* no author, but "with Notes and Introduction by Leonard C. Lewin," for August publication. The magazine *Books* says in its August issue: "Toughest book to get an advance copy of: Dial Press' *Report from Iron Mountain* scheduled for September publication, a top secret government report based on three-year study of peace that concludes that peace may never be possible; that even if it were, it would probably be undesirable." A few copies of bound "uncorrected proofs" show up here and there, marked "publication Oct. 16th." Two days later Dial writes recipients to please send them back. Lewin introduction claims *Report* is by "the Special Study Group," transmitted to him, counter to the Group's decision to suppress it, by one of its fifteen members, "John Doe," who, "after months of agonizing . . . . had decided that he would no longer be party to keeping it secret." Publisher, questioned, says yes it has such a book—scheduled for November; no, they have no biographical data on Lewin—folder out of office. Leonard C. Lewin listed twice in Manhattan phone book. Answering service noncommittal at one, but describes him as a free-lance writer. A lady, presumptively Mrs. Lewin, at other replies to mention of *Report* with barrage of counterquestions. Book Index shows a Leonard C. Lewin as editor for 1964 Dial book, *Anthology of American Political Humor.* Reader's Guide does not list magazine articles under his name. Problem said to have been posed originally (1963) to Special Study Group: "to consider the problems involved in the continuing of a transition to a general condition of peace." Primary general conclusion: "no program or combination of programs yet proposed for a transition to peace has remotely approached meeting the comprehensive functional requirements of a world without war."

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MAJORITY (53%) WOULD ACCEPT MIDDLE-OF-THE-ROAD CANDIDATE

Harder-Line Conservatives Favor Third Party to Liberal

GEORGE GALLUP polls a mere 1,500 adults before telling us what 200 million Americans are thinking. These 1,500 are said to be representative: Mr. Gallup claims his samples have "a tolerance within three to four percentage points 95% of the time." Just how accurately the national polls measure public opinion is open to some doubt, and there is reason to believe that pollsters help mold opinion by the act of reporting it. (If the voters hadn't "known" from the polls that Candidate A was a sure winner, might not the results have been different?) It is certainly true that the usual *either-or* format – offering a choice between alternatives neither of which may be congenial to the respondent – frequently produces a percentage of "no opinion" and "undecided" answers much higher than the "three to four percentage points" Gallup cites as his margin of error.

That is why, in the NR Poll, we have tried to present choices that would pin-point what the reader would actually do in given situations. We have now received signed ballots from more than 7,000 readers—a substantial "sample" by any standard. We will not suggest that our readers are exactly representative of the electorate. However, their votes do reflect the opinions of literate American conservatives. Their constancy is apparent: the only major shift since the first tabulation last March has been toward Choice #3 (conservative or middle-of-the-roader), which has drawn votes from all other choices except #5 (Johnson rather than liberal), which shows a small gain.

THE NR POLL

The NR Poll has generated continuing interest, not least among readers waiting to be polled – as all will be, we intend, at the rate of several thousand per month. No doubt the results will vary much more, and more rapidly, as the election draws nearer. We plan to add supplemental questions (on specific candidates, slates and issues) to this more general batch with which we have begun.

A frequent comment, or complaint, notes that, given the way in which we have worded the choices, anyone choosing #2 or #3 might consistently choose also from among #4, #5 and #6. Logically this is indeed possible and many readers have done just that; we have, from time to time, listed these second choices. Here is an up-to-date summary:

1) of the 1,428 readers who have chosen #2 (conservative or else), 685 (approximately half) marked second choices as follows –

   a) 78%, #4 (Third Party);
   b) 10%, #5 (Johnson);
   c) 12%, #6 (won't vote).

2) of the 3,001 readers who chose #3 (conservative or middle-of-the-roader), 750 (a quarter) indicated second choices as follows:

   a) 57%, #4;
   b) 29%, #5;
   c) 14%, #6.

What does this indicate? It would seem that those who vote conservative-only are set in their ways, and more than willing to spell out exactly what they will do if a liberal gets the Republican nomination. On the other hand, those who now say they will go as far as the middle of the road (at 42%, by far the largest number) are not so anxious to bolt the GOP; no doubt some of them will join the #1s (any Republican) when they enter the voting booth.

Thus we might draw some general conclusions:

1) while only 11% (#1) promise to vote for anyone the Republicans care to nominate,

2) a full 57% (#1 plus #2) will vote for any but an openly liberal nominee, but

3) some 43% (the remainder) are in a mood to vote conservative–only, with a Third Party the avowed alternative for the majority of them. Lest it be assumed that this means George Wallace, it should be noted that Mr. Wallace has received remarkably few "write-in" votes from our readers. We will no doubt learn more about how he stands when we get results, later on, from our candidates' supplement.

If the latest Harris Survey is correct, conservatives account for 35% of all American voters, and 47% of Republican voters. Thus, if NR votes are representative of general conservative sentiment, a liberal Republican nominee could count on the support of only about half his own party. The defections would benefit, in the main, a Third Party candidate.

Before our next Poll summary, we plan to circulate the results-to-date among the nation's Republican governors. We hope to have interesting comments of theirs to report, or – equally interesting, perhaps, in the face of the Poll – their failure to comment.

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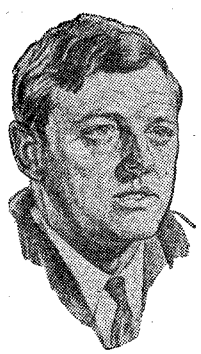
		March (1st Tabulation)	July	August	Total to Date (7,163 Ballots)
#1	I expect to vote for any Presidential candidate the Republican Party is likely to nominate in 1968, on the theory that any Republican will be better than anyone the Democrats are likely to name.	12%	13%	11%	11%
#2	I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 only if he is a conservative.	28%	21%	19%	20%
#3	I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 if he is a conservative or at least a middle-of-the-roader, but not if he is a Liberal.	34%	44%	44%	42%
#4	If the Republican nominate a Liberal in 1968, I will vote for a third-party candidate or write in a conservative candidate.	18%	15%	18%	20%
#5	If the Republicans nominate a Liberal in 1968, I will vote for Johnson.	4%	5%	6%	5%
#6	If the Republicans nominate a Liberal in 1968, I will not vote for a Presidential candidate.	4%	2%	2%	2%

On the Right

The Search For a Nexus — Vietnam and the Negroes

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

There is a shift in the making—a shift in public opinion on the question of Vietnam, and in a strange way it relates to the Negro problem, or rather is being made to relate to the Negro problem. There are signs everywhere, and from very important people. The most significant, in my judgment, is the recent declaration of Bishop Fulton Sheen that we should unilaterally pull out of Vietnam. Bishop Sheen is neither senile nor loose-minded. His anti-Communism is unalloyed, and his knowledge of the strategic realities is unsentimental. I put off for another day an analysis of the Bishop's reasoning—for the present purposes it is significant to note merely that he has taken that position, and that he is an enormously influential priest.



Buckley

Moreover, a priest who is grimly engaged at the moment, as Bishop of Rochester, in attempting a substantive reconciliation between the Negro and white people in that tense city. Notwithstanding his great urbanity and learning, he is at heart an evangelist—and he is asking for nothing less than reconciliation, between white and Negro: but also between white and yellow.

At this point, the mind sets out doggedly in search of a nexus. Is there one between the Negro problem and the Vietnam war? The effort is being made to find one, and we can trust to the ingenuity of the politician to discover one.

During the weekend, Senator Robert Kennedy went on a paralogistic spree. The occasion was a Democratic fund-raising dinner in San Francisco, the immediate purpose of which was to show the great big biceps of Speaker Jesse Unruh, who was recently worsted at the O.K. Corral by the deft gunmanship of Ronald Reagan. Senator Kennedy got his usual running ovation. But it was interrupted by a special ovation when he called on the American people to note the "monstrous disproportion of anyone willing to spend billions for the freedom of others while denying it to our own people." That is one of the political effusions which are the highest testimony to the moral and intellectual emptiness of the political idiom.

The costliest riot in United States history took place a few weeks ago in Detroit, whose Democratic mayor, a long-time hero of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, can hardly be said to have conspired against the freedom of the Negro people. But the Senator was just warming up. "We cannot allow involvement in the name of independence and democracy in Vietnam to interfere with democracy for our own people." Another burst of applause, more testimony to non-thought. Who is asking that democracy for the Negroes be put off until the end of the Vietnam war? Lyndon Johnson? Ronald Reagan? Abigail Van Buren?

And then the old blackmail: "We must reject the counsel of those willing to pass laws against violence while refusing to eliminate rats." It's sentences like that one that discredit the democratic process. Sentences like that one plus the applause they receive.

But the outline emerges. Somehow, our commitment in Vietnam is the cause of the riots in the United States. Get it? Remember it: the one-two will be very prominent in the rhetoric to come. There is to begin with the sick-at-heartness over the Vietnam war of which Bishop Sheen's manifesto is the expression. Then there is the dazed American attitude towards the riots . . . why? why? why? There are politicians around who think they can supply a viable answer.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Collective Organizer

The President's new Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, the Senate Judiciary Committee, and HUAC have been asking witnesses whether the 1967 summer festival of riots and insurrections has been "the result of a conspiracy." Actually, the main lines of an answer are well enough known. There most certainly is a would-be conspiracy, or, rather, a couple of dozen overlapping conspiracies: of Black Nationalist and Black Nihilist outfits plus five or six varieties of Communist organizations, including those tied to Moscow, Peking and Havana. Most of these have openly and loudly advised the world that they are doing their damnedest to incite American Negroes to riot, violence and revolution. Some of them have been equally frank in proclaiming their sponsorship of training courses in karate, marksmanship, firebomb manufacture, and other techniques of irregular warfare. Many have at least a skeleton national apparatus, which is in some cases a unit of an international organization. The more-than-local groups have itinerant members who roam about the country carrying the word or receiving it.

Burnham

So of course there is deliberate conspiracy manifest in the riots, though its specific weight varies from city to city and phase to phase. In some episodes (e.g. Cambridge, Md., Nashville, Tenn.) conspirators have directly triggered the explosion. In others the start has been accidental. In all, once they get going, 1) masses of Negroes, especially young Negroes, have joined more or less spontaneously, according to the usual laws of mob behavior, and 2) the members of the organized groups have gone into action, Blanquist-style, to "broaden the movement," raise the level of violence, etc.—though of course they are often more the mob's parasites than its leaders.

But we will not understand the political and strategic meaning of these riots if we interpret "conspiracy" only in the conventional sense of a single, deliberate, organized "combination, usually secret, of persons for evil or unlawful ends." In that dictionary meaning there has been no single or general conspiracy at work, and the sum of the multiple conspiratorial groupings is probably a secondary factor. Let us, however, shift our frame of reference and observe the riots as from the Havana platform of the Latin American Solidarity congress. The pattern now takes on a very different significance.

In Havana, Stokely Carmichael is officially welcomed by the secretary of the congress as the currently leading spokesman of Black Power, given a delegate's status in this parliament of the revolution, and featured as a speaker. As always, history speaks through this sort of symbol. In the Castroite conception, which is a romantic derivative of Maoism, revolutionists are those who perform revolutionary acts, who make the revolution—not merely, as in the traditional Leninist teaching, those who are disciplined members of the party. The objective of the revolution in the present epoch is to weaken, harass and finally destroy the United States. The Carmichaels, Rap Browns and anonymous snipers are therefore revolutionists, and the riots revolutionary actions, independently of actual organizational connection.

"Vietnam Must Not Stand Alone" is the title and theme of the article published this spring under Che Guevara's name in preparation for the Havana congress. The revolutionary task today is "to create a second or third Vietnam, or the second *and* third Vietnam of the world. . . . We must carry out our general task with the tactical purpose of getting the enemy out of his natural environment. . . . We will only be able to overcome our adversary by undermining his morale—and this is accomplished by defeating him and causing him repeated suffering." We must foster "hatred as an element of the struggle, a revolutionary hatred of the enemy. . . . It is necessary to prevent him from having a moment of peace. We must attack him wherever he may be; make him feel like a cornered beast wherever he may move. Then his moral fibre will begin to decline. . . Our every action is a battle cry against imperialism, and a battle hymn for the people's unity against the great enemy of mankind: the United States of America."

McLuhan's Eye View

In this perspective the central cities of the U.S. homeland are simply another front in the global struggle, a front which the revolutionists are transforming into another Vietnam. Carmichael is thus no mere showpiece at Havana; he rightly takes his conspicuous place. And who will dismiss this Maoist-Castroite analysis?

One of Lenin's first factional fights was over control of the magazine *Iskra*. In the course of the polemic he defined a revolutionary journal as "a collective organizer." We have entered a new technological age in which, as Prof. McLuhan has instructed us, electronic media are replacing the printed word. This summer's riot sequence shows spectacularly how TV has become the revolution's collective organizer—provided for free by the imperialist enemy. There is no longer any need for an elaborate, disciplined, far-flung apparatus. Instead intelligence, communication, guidance, example and directive are given through the TV net. Following the pioneering breakthrough made by the obsolescent Martin Luther King in the Selma March, the young Black Power revolutionists are rapidly learning how to exploit TV's revolutionary potential as organizer and agitator. The global electronic village is the scene of the global revolution.

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Biafra Libre?

ELSPETH HUXLEY

The fourth war—I think it is the fourth—currently to sputter on in Africa is moving from phase one, when it will all be over by next Monday week, to phase two, when it is taking longer than expected and needs more men and equipment, but will be over by the end of the year. The other wars are well into phase three: that in Sudan has been going on for ten years, that in the Congo, on and off, for six, that between Kenya and Somalia for a mere three. None of them looks in the least like coming to an end.

Elspeth Huxley

Will war in Biafra go the same way? Only idiots prophesy in print. Perhaps it really will be over by the end of the year. General Gowon says so, and so far his federal forces are getting the best of it, as they should; they have far more trained men, better fighting men, more equipment (despite that lone Biafran B-26 bomber), greater resources. Biafra's borders enclose about one-eighth of the whole area of Nigeria, and about one-quarter of the population, mostly belonging to the thrusting, up-and-coming, clannish Ibo people. Biafra also has most of the oil. Not all, however; and here is one of General Gowon's rubs. Across the Niger River, Biafra's western border, lies the Midwest Region—Nigeria is, or was, divided into four Regions—where oil is also drilled. The pipelines which convey this oil to the port of Bonny, now reported captured by the federal navy (all three ships), flow through Biafran territory. So if the federal forces were to enforce an effective blockade, the Midwest Region as well as the enemy would be deprived of oil revenues.

This is what happens when you try to unscramble nations. The situation in this Midwest Region is extremely tricky, politically as well as oilwise. In Benin, the capital, and throughout the Region, a powerful and substantial Ibo minority bores from within. The majority of the inhabitants share with their Ibo neighbors a strong suspicion and dislike for everyone from the other two regions, North and West, especially of the Northerners who have hitherto dominated the Federation both in numbers and in political power. General Gowon is a Northerner, and so are most of his officers and men. In the Midwest, considerable pro-Biafran elements are tenderizing federal sinews to such effect that the military governor, Brigadier David Ejoor, has appealed to the people to "remove the blinkers from their eyes and take more kindly to their own government." Biafra's leader, he added, Colonel Odumegwu Ojukwu, has tried to bribe Midwesterners with promises of large sums of money for development. In theory, Biafra is blockaded and the bridge across the Niger at Onitsha closed. The bridge is closed all right but canoes and ferries ply constantly across the river, and the market at Onitsha, one of the largest and most resourceful in the world, is said to go on much as before.

Trojan Horses Abound

It is not only in the Midwest that the situation is tricky for General Gowon's Federal Government. Wherever he casts his gaze, he can spy Trojan horses. The Western Region is populated mainly by Yorubas who hate the Ibos, but hate the Northerners just as much or even more, and have their own dreams of secession. Yoruba restiveness is tying down federal troops who would otherwise be helping to quell the Ibos. Pressure on the federal military government to withdraw its forces altogether from the Western Region had almost succeeded when, on May 27th, General Gowon, in a last bid to avoid civil war, announced that Nigeria would be split into twelve separate states, replacing the four semi-autonomous Regions and linked into a looser but still viable federation. At the same time he proclaimed a state of emergency and imposed an effective censorship. No one now knows what is going on in the West.

Three days after this decree, the Eastern Region seceded and became Biafra. Now it appears on federal maps as three separate states; and the threat so to divide it has become a powerful spur to the Biafran resolve to fight to the bitter end for its nationhood. Whatever happens now Nigeria must be fragmented. This was inevitable. It was the colonial power that brought together the many separate and often hostile races, faiths, tribes and ill-assorted geographical areas into one hotchpotch state and held them together by a constitution, army and police force it controlled. There was no internal, indigenous unity, no common links forged by the people themselves. As soon as the British left, their creation began to crumble. This crumbling process is still incomplete but it has come into the open. In essence, things are as simple as that. In the working out, they are extremely complicated.

Biafra Like Rhodesia?

Can the Ibos—the Biafrans—succeed? On paper, no, not even with the oil revenues they claim and of which they have received a token payment from Shell-B.P. The oil companies are said to have invested not far short of a billion dollars in this region, which now supplies Britain with more than one-tenth of her oil and has become of vital importance to her since the Israeli-Arab war. Federal forces could, and perhaps will, effectively blockade Biafra. But paper wars are not the same as real ones. The Ibos have never made good fighting men but they have made energetic, resourceful, ambitious and persistent people, and they are remarkably united. They have supplied the rest of Nigeria with most of that layer of skill which sustains modern society: the engineers and teachers, telephone operators and

(Continued on p. 921)

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Letter from the Continent

De Gaulle's Great Plan

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

"Statesmanship," as opposed to mere politics, was the main interest of the young de Gaulle, son of a history professor at the *Institut Catholique*. But it hardly needs to be said that bad statesmanship is worse than politics. Even in the more distant past, de Gaulle's statesmanship was not always good although his decisions, calculated to make history, were frequently misunderstood and unappreciated among the French people generally. This is why so many high civil servants in Paris (starting with the Quai d'Orsay) are so extremely friendly toward Western emissaries and journalists. Many of them shudder at the thought of where his latest *tour de force* may lead France. Try visualizing the reaction at the Quai at recent news reports out of Montreal.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

De Gaulle's plan for Europe and the rest of the world moves in what might be called concentric circles. There is to be a Greater Europe, more or less under French leadership, with the Germans as junior partners. The Paris-Bonn alliance is de Gaulle's *idée fixe*, the Germans being the only people for whom he has something like affection and respect. Greater Europe, then, consists of the countries west of the Soviet border and includes the Maghreb—Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia. It could also extend in the direction of Latin America, French-speaking West Africa, perhaps the Near East and toward a USSR that was under heavy Chinese pressure. (French recognition of Red China was designed to increase this pressure. An expansionist Communist China could result in the Gaullist dream of a Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals.)

The understanding, however tacit, between the U.S. and the USSR, stands in the way of this bold concept of a "revival of Europe." So France continues to urge the Federal Republic to establish diplomatic relations with the Russian satellites; de Gaulle also wants Bonn to recognize the Oder-Neisse Line as a permanent border between Germany and Poland. De Gaulle reasons that such recognition would be accepted by the satellites as a token of West Germany's repudiation of a policy of "revanchism" or "revisionism," East Central Europe's two biggest spooks. But German Chancellor Kiesinger asks what advantage Germany would derive from throwing away her trump card in any future territorial litigation with Poland? And how would Communist Poland react to such a proposal? In fact, how can Bonn conclude a territorial settlement with a country with whom it has a) no common border, b) no diplomatic relations, and which c) claims to represent the German people at the expense of Poland's good Red ally, the German Democratic Republic? What would Dr. Kiesinger gain from underwriting the Oder-Neisse Line when Poland's reaction could well be: "We don't need your assurances. We got what we wanted a long time ago from the power with whom we share this border."

De Gaulle Needs Arab Oil

De Gaulle's plans are, then, far from realization, and the fact that he often engages in very grave miscalculations doesn't help matters. Even when he is right his performance is frequently inept. He had hoped, for example, that France would play a leading role in mediating the Mideast conflict. French intelligence was convinced of two things: that the Israelis (armed with French weapons) would win handily, and that their victory would have very little effect. De Gaulle was right on target. Yet, despite Kosygin's two visits to Paris, it was the U.S. and the USSR that counted in that crisis and the reaction from the Arab countries was not exactly as enthusiastic as he had expected. He was, however, successful in getting a grudging Arab assurance that some of the oil exported to France can be resold to West Germany.

Arab oil is of special importance to de Gaulle. Without it he would have to turn to the United States—and this is the very last thing he wants to do. France has another delicate commercial problem on her hands: providing Israel with spare parts for the arms she bought from France before the recent Arab-Israeli war. France is obliged by contract to go on furnishing Israel with these parts—under pain of refunding the original purchase price. The answer to the question why, under these circumstances, France threw her entire weight on the side of the Arabs, is not only that de Gaulle expected France to play a mediating role, and that he is afraid to lose all influence in North Africa, but also that he is apprehensive lest the Arab world become completely dependent upon Moscow—alone.

Algeria Again

Today, as in the past, France's problem child is Algeria—together with Syria the most intractable, the most bellicose of the Arab states. Informed French circles consider Boumedienne a madman (though of a different stamp from Ben Bella), yet de Gaulle is not ready to drop him and Algeria altogether. The reason? France's investment in Algeria has been too great, Paris has humbled itself too often; it cannot afford to write Algeria off and to leave it to Moscow entirely. (To deal amicably with Moscow at a distance is one thing; to have a Red fortress between France and *l'Afrique Francophone*, quite another.)

Whatever startling, shocking, or just plain mischievous things de Gaulle may do in almost pathological disregard of public opinion at home and abroad, he demonstrates what kind of music a clever man with imagination can play even on a small instrument. He provides lessons of all kinds for politicians and statesmen the world over.

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RIOTS VIOLENCE & CIVIL RIGHTS

Saul S. Friedman

Mr. Friedman grew up in Cleveland, worked in its ghettoes, dealt professionally—he was a social worker—with its poor. He knows why it erupted in flames a year ago. He thinks he knows how the fire next time can be prevented.

Looming high above the polluted waters of the Cuyahoga River Valley and the rancid smokestacks of Standard Oil of Ohio and Republic Steel stands a sign which greets visitors to the shores of Lake Erie: "Welcome to Cleveland, the Best Location in the Nation."

I grew up in and around Cleveland, Ohio and for me it truly was the best location in the nation. Cleveland was the valiant Slovenian who saw his home flattened by the terrible East Ohio Gas explosion of 1944 (which killed or injured scores of persons) and yet returned to rebuild his neighborhood, cleaner and brighter than before, with neat little brick homes studded with flower boxes. Cleveland was the mounted policeman who patrolled the lovely parks which formed a fabulous emerald necklace about this dull, grimy steel and ore center. Cleveland was Santa Claus ho-hoing simultaneously at the May Company, Taylor's, Higbee's and Halle's. It was children playing tag in the shadow of the bronzed military figure which was the dilapidated Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in the heart of Public Square. Cleveland was sitting in the bleachers at Municipal Stadium on an unseasonably warm December day in 1954 amidst a cheering throng of Negroes and whites who delighted in seeing their Browns massacre the Detroit Lions 56-10 for the National Football League championship. It was in that same stadium nine years later that an emotional crowd of 80,000 stood and cheered Ernie Davis, the All-American halfback from Syracuse, as he walked across the field illuminated by a spotlight. The people knew that Davis, a Negro stricken with leukemia, would never play a single moment of football for their city. Cleveland was George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra; the Freedom Train; Satchel Paige and his hesitation pitch; the rose-colored fumes of Republic Steel spewing forth across Broadway Avenue and discoloring the homes in the Polish ghetto; Euclid Beach and innocuous insects called Canadian Soldiers; swans in the lagoon outside the city's Art Museum and a weird abstract called "Bottle Farm" winning a May Show award at the same museum; boating in Rockefeller Park; American Legion baseball with a squat Negro catcher named Hank who formed an impenetrable barrier for any base runner foolish enough to attempt to score; an Innerbelt Freeway which was impossible to follow and which led nowhere. Cleveland was kosher corned beef and lox, country-fried chicken, greens and grits, ham and eggs, real Hungarian borscht, kishke, and Polish sausage. All of that seems long ago now.

After Cleveland the Deluge

Today Cleveland is known as a racial trouble spot, a target town for CORE's professional do-badders, a potential powder keg for the annual "long, hot summer." To sanctimonious journals of the East (*Saturday Evening Post*, 7/29/67), it is a town where George Wallace can count on a bevy of supporters, a town whose mayor is an incompetent bigot. To the Federal Government, it is a town unworthy of any urban renewal funds. Between July 18 and 22, 1966, Cleveland was four deaths and two score injured in riots. It was 240 fires and $500,000 in property damage. It was 200 arrests and a Negro councilman calling for martial law in his district. Cleveland was 2,000 National Guardsmen from such spots as Lake Milton, Ohio, costing the state $18,000 per day for maintenance and God knows how much more to the men themselves in lost wages from individual employment, standing with bayonets at the ready on the corners of 79th and Hough, East 105th and Grantwood, 55th and Chester, Murray Hill and Mayfield. It was a U.S. senator frothing about "trigger-happy" National Guardsmen and a leading daily retorting, "In truth, Buster, the Ohio National Guard fired no shot whatsoever at anyone." It was the child of Watts, the precursor of Newark and Detroit.

More Trouble in Cleveland?

In the past year, an army of social theorists and political opportunists (some of them from leading academic institutions across the nation) have descended on Cleveland, either vicariously (for remoteness apparently does not preclude problem-solving by self-proclaimed pontiffs) or in person to scrutinize the city's ills. Generally, they have focused their attentions on the 2.2 square miles of the near East Side known to the world as Hough. In this area, termed a ghetto though it is bounded on the southwest by the district known as Central-Scovill, the southeast by Mt. Pleasant-Kinsman, the east by University-Euclid, and the northeast by Glenville, all Negro sections of Cleveland, live 70,000 people, better than 90 per cent of whom are Negroes. The unemployment rate, ranging from 10 to 20 per cent of the adult labor force, is the highest in Cleveland. The median number of years of schooling, only 9.1 years per individual as of 1960, was the lowest in Cleveland. Proportionately, the district has four times the number of

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Aid to Dependent Children recipients as Cuyahoga County as a whole. With 8 per cent of the city's population, Hough accounts for nearly 20 per cent of the major crimes reported in Cleveland. The crime rate in the area has tripled since 1950 and its delinquency rates are the highest in the city. Better than one-fourth of its buildings have been described as deteriorating. Small wonder, then, that upon cursory examination of "the worst slums we've ever seen," pompous Pollyannas who had not seen Hough in 1950—when it was a slum—or 1940—when it was a slum with a predominantly white population—could cluck that in view of federal aid available to combat urban blight, the prevailing conditions could only be attributed to "lack of leadership from City Hall." Some of these seers have since packed their carpetbags and wandered off to build more castles in the sand. Others have stayed to fan the flames of racial hatred which could well erupt once more in Cleveland this year.

Whirlwind Tours Useless

It is senseless and futile for critics of any city's administration to attempt a whirlwind tour of a trouble spot in several days, interview several notorious figures, then attempt a superficial analysis of the city's woes based on such slanted information. Having spent two years as a field worker in the heart of Hough, eating soul food in Negro restaurants, tramping the halls of virtually every school in the district, viewing the riot scene for months before the tragic events of July 1966, then every day while the riots were happening, sitting in the homes of depressed families and watching roaches skitter across sofas, I must state that if interviews are to be sought, they must come over years, not days. Let the Monday morning Jeremiahs speak with the twelve-year-old boy who refused to divulge the location of an illegal bar which was sapping the physical and financial resources of his parents, because of the peculiar reigning morality in Hough. Let the same scripters stand by at the Metropolitan General Hospital and allay the tears and fears of a sixteen-year-old Negro girl in the psychiatric ward who wanted to go home, and could not, because she had attempted suicide by swallowing sewing needles when a Juvenile Court Referee had committed her to a girls' "reform" school. Her delinquent act: sexual activity. The girl was pregnant, the child stillborn. Let the same champions of unrestricted welfare and free love visit a home where "Uncle Ed" has made it impossible for a sixteen-year-old boy to live because of personal friction. Let them be wakened at 2 A.M. or called from dinner at 7 P.M. because a divorcee is unable to control a dispute over television programs between her children. Let them try to reason with a woman whose children don't go to school when they leave home in the morning. She doesn't care because she is too sick, in bed, watching television. Let them sense the feeling of defeat after priming an eighteen-year-old boy for a post office job, then having it all evaporate when the boy wanders out of the office and steals a car. No reason given. Let them talk with the mother of a boy who was spared incarceration in the Mansfield Reformatory because of our efforts and hear of the terror felt by decent citizens of Hough as they cringed in their apartments during the riots. There was no hatred of City Hall expressed by such people—only contempt for the maniacs who had precipitated the vandalism.

The truth is that the guilt for conditions which exist in Hough and Cleveland today must be shared by four quarters. They are: *the city's administrations dating back at least 25 years*, which consistently failed to meet the problems of rapid migration of unskilled Negroes from the rural South during the war years and after; *the Federal Government*, which has decided insanely that since racial tension is so high and previous urban renewal funds have been squandered it would punish Cleveland by cutting off all urban renewal aid; *social workers* who came to treat the social ills of the community and went away with their professional standings enhanced and the ills more pernicious than before; and *the Negro community of Cleveland itself*, accounting for better than one-third of the city's population, which for too long has dabbled in unrealistic daydreams of a messianic epoch just around the corner.

That incumbent mayor, Ralph Locher, derided as "minor league Locher" by his critics, should be singled out as the principal culprit for last year's riots is an absurdity to those who know anything about Cleveland's history. It has been said that Locher's urban renewal programs have been failures, that they did not provide adequate housing for residents of Hough who were displaced by hospital, highway, high-rise apartments and college projects in Central-Scovill. The mental picture created of Caterpillars and wrecking balls chasing families from their homes into filthy hovels farther down the boulevard is heart-rending, to be sure, but it just is not accurate. Far from being composed of refugees from urban renewal projects instituted by Locher's predecessor, Anthony Celebrezze (a man, incidentally, who could be re-elected mayor of Cleveland anytime), the major portion of migrants to Hough between 1955 and 1960, 62 per cent to be exact, came directly from Southern states. That they did not find garden apartments when they arrived was regrettable, but the city was already committed to improving the 837-acre University-Euclid region which directly abuts Hough to the east. Additional funds and personnel to handle urban renewal in Hough just were not available.

Urban Renewal a Pariah

Recent efforts by the city administration to effectuate some kind of urban redevelopment in Hough itself have been consistently frustrated by governmental hostility and red tape. It was said that portions of Cleveland's applications for assistance were poorly drawn, but high-ranking officials in the Urban Affairs Department admitted that aid would have been denied anyway because of the alleged refusal of the Locher administration to deal forthrightly with racial problems. Even when decent proposals were submitted to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Cleveland was told that the money was not there. In May 1967, the *Cleveland Press* expressed its dismay at learning that plans for a $500,000 settlement house for the Hough area had been turned down because the government pleaded insufficient

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funds. Cleveland should have been given priority over any other city at the time, but it was not. Hamstrung by the Federal Government, weakened by resignations of planners who sustained torrents of personal abuse from the Negro community, and stung by the lack of cooperation of that community itself (one of the prime targets of the rioters in last July's uprising was the headquarters of the city's urban renewal project in University-Euclid), the urban renewal department has become the pariah of Cleveland's civil service.

Since Locher succeeded Celebrezze, who resigned to became Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in July 1962, his administration has been deluged with demands from the Negro community. At first, he met frequently with leaders of CORE, the NAACP, the Urban League, and other responsible organizations to discuss the reasonable demands of Negroes. A series of unfortunate events, however, has led to his present rupture with the community and a reluctance to meet the moderate demands of Martin Luther King.

During the summer of 1963, the city of Cleveland was shocked by a particularly brutal crime which took place at the Sowinski Playground in Wade Park, just to the north of the Superior Road boundary of Hough. This spot had always been the site of friction between Negroes from Hough and whites of East European extraction who lived above Superior. On this occasion, a gang of Negro teen-agers mass-raped a white girl in the park and stabbed her male companion almost to death. Only the calm and constructive leadership of City Hall, coupled with resolute police enforcement, headed off what could have been a first-class race war. Locher called in leaders of both the white and Negro communities and was able to cool their passions, but his actions did not endear him to the Negroes, who have felt that the whites did not understand the deeper sociological implications of the incident.

Mayor Is Rebuffed

Subsequently, in the spring of 1964, Negro militants and their sympathizers delivered what was to be the first of several rebuffs to the Mayor when they quite illogically attempted to impede construction of an elementary school in a totally Negro neighborhood on Cleveland's East Side. It was argued that the school's location was unsafe for children, that traffic was too heavy, that it was too far for some students to walk to. Though all of these issues were squarely met in conferences held in the Mayor's quarters, the protests went on until finally the Rev. Bruce Klunder lost his life in a tragic accident beneath the treads of a tractor. His death, symbolizing the Negroes' assault on de facto segregation in Cleveland public schools, marked the complete alienation of Locher from the Negro populace, though few realized it at the time.

When newscasters ventured into Hough during the daylight hours of Cleveland's military occupation, they heard all kinds of complaints from Negroes. "The rats," said one man, "get rid of the rats!" Another shouted, "We want better police protection!" Another, "We only get our garbage picked up once a month." Better than a year before, Ralph Locher in an honest effort to meet the needs of his constituents proposed a city income tax of less than 1 per cent of each individual's gross income. According to the *Plain Dealer* of May 2, 1965, such an income tax would have provided the city with more than $18 million in the next year. Part of the revenue would have gone toward lowering Cleveland's property tax of 18.30 mills, highest of any city in the state, six times higher than that of Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Approximately $1.7 million would have gone to pay for 200 police to be hired for 1965, plus an additional 175 policemen, firemen and traffic engineers to be hired the following year. The income tax would have permitted the city to raise city employees' pay about 5 per cent across the board, thereby retaining many civil servants who were leaving for better paying jobs in private industry. The tax would have paid for the services of 40 more building and housing inspectors, relieving the pressure on an undermanned and overworked staff that found it virtually impossible to keep up with all building code violations; $200,000 would have been spent on additional street lighting, $100,000 for air and water pollution control, $100,000 for updating the city's general plant and zoning code, $100,000 for more Health Department doctors and nurses (utilized primarily in neighborhoods such as Hough), $100,000 for additional recreation personnel, and $80,000 for demolition of abandoned houses. Every major Ohio city, including Columbus, Cincinnati, Toledo, Akron, Youngstown, Canton, Warren, Springfield and Dayton had an income tax. Only Dayton's tax of .75 per cent was lower than that proposed by Locher.

On Tuesday, May 4, 1965, the income tax measure was put to the voters of Cleveland. It had the support of all major dailies in town, including the influential Negro *Call & Post*. In fact, the press, including radio and television, had conducted an elaborate pre-primary campaign of voter education, stressing the importance of passage for the underprivileged elements of the city. The AFL-CIO, the ADA, the Cleveland Development Foundation, the Cleveland League of Women Voters, Senator Frank Lausche, and a host of

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bishops and ministers endorsed the proposal. It was opposed by the Chamber of Commerce, the Citizen's League, and the NAACP.

The city income tax was defeated 89,290 to 62,816. The fascinating story, however, was how it had been beaten. On May 6, 1965, the *Cleveland Press* ran a breakdown of ward voting on the issue. In the Hough wards (18th, 20th, 21st) the vote was 3,525 for, 6,789 against. In the city as a whole, 59 per cent of the voters went against the tax. In Hough, where many of the voters were receiving welfare assistance and could therefore not possibly have been taxed, *the vote was 66 per cent against the measure.* In other predominantly Negro wards of the city (11th, 12th, 17th, 24th, 25th), the vote was 6,471 for, 10,257 against. Locher's measure would have needed 13,239 more aye votes to pass, and in these eight wards alone he was faced with 17,000 Negro nays. White opposition to the measure was generated by a feeling that the measure was specifically designed to help the Negroes and yet the Negroes voted against the tax just the same. Lacking the funds which the tax could have supplied, the city drifted until July 1966, when Hough erupted—for the very causes which Locher tried to correct more than a year before. Commented the *Plain Dealer* for May 5, 1965, on that earlier rebuff, "Some observers saw in the Negroes' rejection of the issue a measure of disenchantment with the Locher administration." It was an understatement.*

Negro Wards Go Own Way

That fall, the Mayor was administered his most severe slap in the face when the Negro wards which traditionally voted for the candidate of the Democratic machine delivered better than 90 per cent of their vote to a virtual unknown, Carl Stokes. A Negro attorney, onetime probation officer, and a neophyte state representative, Stokes had not a single distinctive measure credited to him in the legislature. In fact, he was absent from the chamber on the occasion of a vote on an important welfare measure. And though efforts were made to create a forceful, progressive image about him, the fact remained that his support was almost totally racist. Individual Negroes openly admitted that the *sole* reason for voting for Stokes was his race.

Despite this, Locher continued his attempts to reconcile the Negro community with City Hall. He appointed a Negro, Ralph Findley, to head the Greater Cleveland Council on Economic Opportunity. While provocateurs might rant that the main cause of the riots was unemployment, Findley, testifying before the Cuyahoga County Grand Jury which had been summoned to investigate the disorders, stated, "More money is spent and more programs carried on in the Hough area than in any other area in Cleveland." Findley could point with pride to a host of job opportunity programs in full operation *before* the riots took place. MDTA (Manpower Development and Training Act) provided training to more than 3,000 Cleveland residents at a cost of $1,500 per trainee. OJT (On the Job Training, run in conjunction with BAT, Bureau of Apprenticeship and Training of the Department of Labor) was in the process of providing 200 persons with upgraded skills. NYC (Neighborhood Youth Corps) provided work for 1,000 individuals through the City of Cleveland, the Public Library system, County Welfare, the Hospital Council, or one of several federal agencies. MAP (Greater Cleveland Manpower Advancement Program), developed through the Urban League and the Office of Manpower, Planning, Evaluation and Research of the U.S. Department of Labor (OMPER), was training 1,250 men. The Urban League with the cooperation of the NAACP had undertaken the job training of 500 more men. The Cleveland Adult Education Center of the Cleveland Board of Education was supplying tuition-free instruction to 1,500 persons. The Board, through its Work-Study Program for Drop-Outs, was spending $170,000 more to help 500 youths. SNYC (Schools' Neighborhood Youth Corps) was supplying 1,500 more youths with part-time jobs while continuing their education. The Vocational Education Work Study Program trained 200 more. Project PEACE Skill Center, underwritten by the Catholic Board of Education and Catholic Charities Bureau, was trying to assist 300 persons with job training. The Work Experience Program (Title V of the Economic Opportunity Act) was to spend almost $6 million in supplying job training to 1,200 ADCU cases, 600 ADC cases and 240 "other needy persons" in the Cleveland area. Project for Fifties, supported by the Cleveland Welfare Federation, was spending another $250,000 to help 200 persons. The Job Corps of the Poverty Program had an indefinite number of openings available. And the granddaddy of all acronyms, CSBODC (Cleveland Small Business Opportunity and Development Corporation), promised low-interest, long-term loans to persons from the inner city areas who wished to start businesses for themselves and provide jobs for others from the inner city. Commented a Negro social worker in Hough itself, "I can get a job for any person over sixteen *who wants one.*"

Start at the Top?

The complaint then was not so much "lack of jobs," as the inability of some to rationalize taking "flunky" jobs. Many unskilled Negroes, lacking high school educations, apparently resented the fact that once channeled through MAP or PACE or YOC they would not find themselves behind sleek mahogany desks with the grand-sounding title, Digital-Computer Programmer. Though the avenue to self-improvement through continued education and work experience had been opened, myopic vision and the glittering appeal of such slogans as "Freedom Now!" and "Black Power!" prevented them from seeing that today's historian was yesterday's gluer in a fishing tackle shop, that today's professor of sociology at Harvard University was yesterday's pants presser in a dry-cleaning plant in Atlanta, that tomorrow's physician might be today's gardener or street cleaner.

Another canard levied against City Hall at the height of the riots was that Hough possessed inadequate recreation facilities. In fact, as Recreation Director John Nagy subsequently pointed out to a reporter, the region had four city pools, fifteen supervised playgrounds, a city recreation center, and six centers operated by voluntary agencies. "It has more recreation services than any other area of compar-

* Subsequently in another primary held in the spring of 1967 Cleveland voters did approve a city income tax.

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able size in the city," he said. Those familiar with Cleveland might have hastened to add that not more than fifteen minutes' walking distance from the heart of Hough were the finest parks in Metropolitan Cleveland. The Art Museum, Rose Gardens, Museum of Natural History, and the Thompson Automotive Museum all lie directly to the east of Hough and Wade, Rockefeller and Gordon Parks, in which individuals may fish, boat, play baseball or tennis. Nearby also was the favorite roller rink of Hough's teen set, the Playmor Auditorium, which was ravaged in an insensible act of arson during the riots. "I don't know how we could give them any more recreation," said Nagy, whose sandlot baseball, basketball and football leagues are renowned throughout the nation. "We formed Mademoiselle Clubs for the girls and Little Indians for the boys and what happened? We gave six baseball bats to one group that said they wanted something for the kids to do. During the riot, the police chief called me and said, 'What are you trying to do —get my men killed?'" Police had confiscated two of the bats in the hands of rioters. In like manner almost every attempt by the administration to increase recreation facilities was frustrated. When the city constructed special playgyms at various empty lots in Hough for children, these were despoiled within the week by teen-age vandals who had no use for such apparatus. Once they were past the age of twelve, it seemed, a totally negativistic psychosis took hold of the youth and they lost interest in *all* recreation programs.

Police Applicants Dwindling

When Negro militants complained that the police force did not include a sufficient number of Negroes, Safety Director John McCormick lamented, "If you gave me a million dollars more today, I still don't know where I would get the men." Though the cadet program has always been open to all races, unfavorable publicity and cries of "police brutality" and "Uncle Tom" have accounted for a fall-off in applicants of all races. When the city administration first concentrated Negro policemen in Negro neighborhoods, Negro militants complained that efforts were being made to segregate the Negroes, to keep them out of white communities. When the city administration bent over backwards in an effort to amalgamate the two races on the force and placed white officers in Hough once more, the same militants chanted that these men didn't understand the Negroes' problems, that black neighborhoods should have black policemen. In short, then, City Hall was damned if it did and damned if it didn't. The same Mad Hatter absence of logic lay behind the simultaneous complaint by militants that the riots were caused by lack of law enforcement on the one hand, and police brutality on the other. The police who weren't there were being brutal. Small wonder, then, that Ralph Locher, a man who lives on East Boulevard in a thoroughly integrated section of Cleveland (approximately one-half of his neighbors are Negroes) can be castigated by these same cretins and their compatriots of the press as a bigot.

Youth Program Fizzles

If one seeks evidence of incompetence, insincerity, stupidity and failure, the place to look is not City Hall, but the Hotel Cambridge, located some three doors down from the bar on the corner of E. 79th and Hough where the riots of 1966 began. This grotesque old structure, once home of the unmarried members of the Cleveland Indians baseball club when the team played at nearby League Park, later the largest whorehouse in Hough, served as home for Community Action for Youth (CAY), a creation of the Poverty Program, between 1965 and 1967. It was hoped that the presence of CAY would rehabilitate the image of the Cambridge. In this, as in most of its ventures, CAY, chartered in the spring of 1962 at a proposed cost to the taxpayers of $12 million over the next five years, proved a failure. The goals of CAY were "to decrease juvenile delinquency, to build youth aspirations, to stimulate educational and occupational achievement on the part of youth, and to strengthen the father's role in family life." Designed "to guide Cleveland and other U.S. cities in future youth planning," CAY turned out to be the biggest bust since the Edsel.

CAY's Court and Corrections program was to give intensive treatment to Juvenile Court parolees and probationers, to prevent repeat delinquency, and to operate a residential work camp in Cleveland's metropolitan parks. In fact, no cases were distributed to CAY officers till the summer of 1964, and then with the greatest of reluctance. Throughout the remainder of the program several judges expressed dissatisfaction with satellite operations which bogged down in insipid sociological tests which proved that a child whose parents did not own a washing machine was more delinquent-prone than one whose parents did. The parole unit died within six months of its formation as a result of lack of funds, but its director was continued on the payroll with the astonishing title of Coordinator of Coordinators. No residential work camp in the parks was ever founded, but a residential treatment center for Hough itself was proposed in a patchwork treatise which was lacerated by social workers and directors of the CAY program for its obvious weaknesses (no provision for health care, no provision for trained personnel on the grounds throughout the week, no provision for children returning to the center after weekend furloughs). The author of that plan was rewarded with full salary compensation and promotion to rank of supervisor for the remaining year of the program's existence.

The malfunctions of the courts program were not unique. In the original dossier for CAY it was proposed that school programs at nine area schools would develop new curriculum materials, emphasize teaching of communication skills, increase guidance, extend after-school educational opportunities, develop school-work cooperative programs, and give intensive treatment to delinquents and emotionally disturbed children. In fact, because of the incorrigible attitude of most students in Hough schools, an attitude reflecting the general contempt for educational processes of their parents, most schools were compelled to function as quasi-concentration camps. Chain-link gates between sections of schools, and guards at various doors to keep students in the buildings were not uncommon. At Addison Junior High, for example, one principal decorated his walls with an illustrated verse ex-

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tolling the virtues of corporal punishment for discipline aboard nineteenth-century sailing vessels.

CAY's welfare adjunct was to lighten caseloads and reorganize services to give top priority to child neglect situations and family problems. Few if any of the county welfare workers were given the chance to operate on an intensive basis with families because of the lack of personnel, low wages, and press of intake cases in Hough.

CAY was "to provide services to unmarried teen-age mothers, youth camp experiences to pre-adolescent boys and girls with behavior and learning difficulties, after-school programs for particularly aggressive boys, group work services to young unmarried fathers in a pilot program." It is true that efforts were made to teach unwed mothers to care for their infants, to train them in the basic techniques of child care, sewing, cooking, etc., but generally these efforts were inadequate. After a few weeks of such sessions, the girls were liable to drop out of such programs altogether, and in their short time in the program they certainly did not acquire sufficient training to become proper mothers. Incidentally, no effort was made to supply birth control information to these individuals. Shortly after the riots, the Department of Health announced that birth control information would be available free of charge to the poor, but only to married couples and only upon their request. As for the other grandiose proposals about youth camps, after-school programs, and pilot programs for unwed fathers, none of these ever achieved reality.

Crucial to the program was the so-called Community Support Division which was "to coordinate the work of existing community agencies, establish a community information center, publish a community newspaper, develop a youth recognition program, encourage formation of street clubs." It did establish a community information center in a storefront decorated with illustrations left over from an abortive "Hough Beautiful" campaign and staffed by several vacant-staring secretaries. The community newspaper died after a few issues for lack of direction and lack of public interest. The one Boy Scout unit which was formed collapsed when few of the boys could afford uniforms and their adviser was involved in a minor political scandal. Despite the Hough Beautiful campaign, Hough remained garbage-strewn and bottle-scarred in contrast to the neat Caucasian neighborhoods directly across Superior Road. "Street clubs" were hardly known. Though Community Support could have marshaled the decent citizens of Hough to take pride in their community, it failed miserably, and its failure was indicative of the expensive failure of CAY. It is ironic that on the eve of the Hough riots, this inept division sponsored a Hough folk festival at old League Park. It was hoped, apparently, that such a diversion would pacify the youth of the district.

Rapid Personnel Turnover

From top to bottom CAY was riddled with people whose competence and loyalty was constantly called into question. In a memorandum addressed to the agency's board of directors issued in September 1966, the Director of the Research Division openly accused CAY's Executive Director of "excessive incompetence" and demanded that he be removed. In reply, the Executive Director branded the Research Director "insubordinate" and asked for his resignation. Such personality conflicts were not unusual, as from its inception CAY had been burdened with staff turnover for that very reason. White workers resigned because of what some intimated was inverse racism on the part of Negro supervisory personnel. Many high-ranking positions were outright political gifts, but frequently the absenteeism and wrongdoings of some high-ranking personnel became so flagrant that they were asked to resign. The fiscal policies of the agency became a laughingstock to those charged with the duty of keeping records, and employees were charged to accept on faith that their retirement funds were secure.

Many of the staff had not the vaguest notions of the complexities of Cleveland's problems. Unfamiliar with the ethnic makeup of the city, these plastic surgeons of life flocked to Cleveland from Columbus, New York, Seattle, Atlanta, St. Louis or Charleston, with a view that Cleveland was simply a city of Negro problems. Left to themselves west of the High Level Bridge, they would have wandered about aimlessly as if in another world. They came simply for "experience," for status, for the use of data to be applied toward vapid doctoral dissertations in social work which no intellectual would read, *and* for rather substantial wages. And when the contract for CAY ran out, most of them slipped away to other jobs elsewhere in the U.S.—in West Virginia, Massachusetts or the District of Columbia—at higher salaries —with higher titles—because of their "contributions" to the Hough community. ➔

I, A HONKY

Yes, I have read the Moynihan Report.
Consider me forewarned on Baldwin's "Fire."
I note the obviously warm rapport
As Stokely and the bearded one conspire.
I'm knowledgeable, too, about Rap Brown;
I've watched the happy hunters in Detroit.
I realize that burning up a town
Is recompense for honkies who exploit.
Each age has tribulations, I suppose:
It wasn't fun for Guelph or Ghibelline.
Nor do I look complacently at those
Whose journey ended at the guillotine.
However, though their violence was vile,
At least they burned the country up in style.

W. H. VON DREELE

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But if City Hall, "Whitey," social workers, and the Federal Government wilfully or inadvertently have been the enemies of the Negro, the worst enemy that the Negro has had in Cleveland, as in every other American city, has been the Negro himself.

The destruction of the Playmor Auditorium removed a facility for wholesome recreation from the Negro community. Dry-cleaning stores in Hough that were looted, wrecked and closed were stocked full of clothing from the Negro community. When a supermarket located at East 89th and Superior was burned out in June 1966, as a prelude to the major riot, Negro employees were put out of work and Negro residents were forced to walk extra blocks for food, as it was the only market between East 71st and East 105th Streets on Superior. Similarly, the burning out of the lone pharmacy on Hough Avenue between East 55th and 105th, merely because it was operated by Jewish brothers (who, incidentally, had been in the area for more than twenty years), also created a hardship for the Negro sick in the district. The gutting of a Goodwill Store at the corner of Crawford Road and Hough put additional people out of work. The firing of small grocery stores, despite unproven charges of poor quality meat and high prices, again hurt the Negro, for often as not these same shops were the only ones to extend credit to Negroes between employment or relief checks. As Negro Councilman Leo Jackson indicated in the *Plain Dealer* for July 26, 1966: "This in my opinion is not an attempt to get 'Whitey.' You don't get Whitey in a predominantly Negro area. It is not Whitey who is being killed. It's the Negro who's being killed."

Misery Loves Company

The Negro youth of the inner city, lacking in education and work-skills, hearing his parents complain of high prices of food, poor quality food, excessive rents, and police brutality, envious of the material comforts enjoyed by the white bourgeois community, hearing just enough of legal decisions to give him the impression that he can sit-in, beg-in, or steal-in with little risk of legal repercussions, saturated with press and television reports which seem to glorify the exploits of the looter, and bombarded by demagogues who excoriate his masculinity if he does not *take* what was rightfully his four hundred years ago, has taken it upon himself to reform his society—by force. Dissatisfied with the place he occupies in society, he attempts to reform it by transmitting fear to all elements of society. There is perverse satisfaction in knowing that one is not alone in one's doubts, that when all people walk down the street they also shudder from insecurity, that brute strength, not wisdom, not color, determines a man's place in society.

'Tell It Like It Is'

More than anyone else the responsible Negro can prevent urban society from degenerating into a phantasmagoria of fear, where equality simply means the equal necessity for all people to be afraid. Negro hipsters have a phrase—"Tell it like it is"—which should be utilized to help clear the atmosphere of hate enveloping ghettos in all cities, not just Cleveland.

1. *Negroes should tell it like it is and disassociate civil rights from civil wrongs.* When the slick bigots from RAM or SNCC or SIMBA attempt to blame the riots on abuses dating back four centuries and the racist policies of a loutish incumbent mayor, or even when pinstriped Caucasians sitting in air-conditioned Grand Jury Chambers holler "Bolshevism!", the responsible Negro in Hough, Watts, Tampa, Boston, Newark or Detroit should stand up and affirm that his town is not a racist town, that the riots were primarily caused by creeping hoodlumism.

2. *Negroes should be the first to demand stringent law enforcement.* It is their streets which have been made unsafe for the most part. They are the ones victimized by slumlords, rats and petty thieves. But this requires that Negroes should themselves assist in the elimination of house bars and other insidious dens of crime where teen-agers can avail themselves of home brew, sex or numbers gambling. Until now, however, the honor of the casbah has made such informing unethical.

3. *Negroes should silence the rumor-mongers who prey on the frustrations of the inner city.* All it takes to spark a revolt in Houston or Cincinnati is for word to spread that a Negro child has been shot, that police used brutal methods in arresting a Negro drunk, or that a white grocer has been selling rotten cherries. Little is done at present in the Negro community to check the spread of these rumors, and nothing is done subsequently to prove that they were without foundation. As a result, the next time word spreads of an alleged atrocity, the unemployed youth are all the more prone to lash out against society. Responsible leaders must attempt to check the emotions of the community until thorough investigations have been made.

4. *Negroes should take the initiative in demanding well-planned, dedicated Community Action Programs to assist them with homemaking, recreation, education and cultural activities.* This does not mean, however, that the Negro community should sit back and wait for a well-scrubbed college graduate to lead them out of the wilderness. Negroes should form and supervise their own street clubs, block parties, cleanup brigades, scout units, athletic leagues, teen canteens, folk festivals, and they should bestow community awards for excellence. The primary sense of achievement must come from the Negro community itself.

5. *Negroes should demand equitable implementation of welfare assistance laws.* This means that assistance should be at least at a subsistence level, as determined by the state's minimum estimated standards to maintain life and limb, and not at some percentage, generally between 60 and 80 per cent, thereof. But along with this, the Negro should demand that *all recipients* fulfill the requirements of the law, that no "uncles" be present in ADC homes nine months before another name appears on the welfare rolls, that mothers not feign illness and inability to account for their children's excessive absenteeism from school.

6. *Negroes who have no religious objection should demand extension and promotion of planned parenthood clinics.* The maniacal ravings of certain leaders who claim that birth control is a Hitlerian device to exterminate their people notwithstanding, Negroes should cooperate with planned parenthood clinics which

(Continued on p. 922)

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Last Night in Detroit City

Smoke clears from the ruins. But the questions linger: Is Detroit's ghetto really a ghetto? How can riots be better controlled? And what underlies the suicidal violence?

FERDINAND MOUNT

"Focus on Negro Life and History —FREE Register Here": the bold banner flaps over the entrance to Detroit's Eastern High School. A few paratroopers stand about in the driveway. But the Negroes are on the other side of Mack Avenue filing out of Swanson's Funeral Home. Women in black, with giant scarlet paper poppies in their toques, commiserate on the sidewalk. In the front seat of a gleaming Impala a Negro matron sobs without restraint. The cortege of sixty automobiles flying the black-and-white funeral crosses escorts the body of a young Negro killed in the riots. Here is the focus on Negro life and history today. Half a mile away Fireman Carl Smith is buried in Elmwood Cemetery. He was killed by a sniper on Monday farther down Mack Avenue. Mayor Jerome Cavanagh, Fire Chief Quinlan and 1,000 firemen, from forty or more communities which helped out in the riots, march with the procession. Newspapers tell how Mrs. Smith clutches the flag from her husband's coffin as the echo of taps dies away and cries, "Oh Carl, Carl!" These are the painful epilogues of an American tragedy performed in a great American city with a bewildered cast of thousands and no visible purpose but theft, destruction and murder.

Detroit is megalopolis, 140 square miles sprawling along the banks of Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, looking southward into Canada. The city itself has the same population as Manhattan but seven times Manhattan's area. Its suburbs roll in an erratic ribbon almost to Lake Erie and Lake Huron. Detroit is Motown—American Motors, Firestone, Cherry Gear and Axle, Chrysler, Dodge, Ford, Borg-Warner. Edsel Ford Freeway, Chrysler Avenue, Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel. Henry Ford was born out in Dearborn, Governor Romney ran American Motors. Observers remark on the city's good record of race relations, on the efforts of Mayor Cavanagh to justify the electoral faith placed in him by the Negroes, on the city's continuing prosperity. But for all this, Detroit remains just another victim of the gang rape of American cities. It is slashed by freeways and expressways, those insatiable concrete serpents eating up countryside, splitting neighborhoods, eternally on the move, throwing up mounds of dirt, relieved here and there by clumps of queen anne's lace and tall daisies. The middle classes are out mowing their lawns in the suburbs. The city is abandoned to the Negroes.

Ghettoes? Or Suburban Clusters?

Detroit is thus dehumanized and robbed of the intimate human scale. But it is necessary to be precise before embarking on sociological urbanese. The area where the rioting was worst is the square mile bounded by Clairmount Avenue on the North, 12th Street on the East, Grand Boulevard on the South and Dexter on the West. By European standards and probably even by higher American expectations, this area is not remotely a slum. It contains neat frame houses with wooden porches, a patch of grass at the front and a yard at the back. Such comfortable dwellings remain the dream of slum-dwellers in Glasgow, Warsaw or Naples. At least half of these houses are well-kept. Those where the paint was blistered and the weeds have grown are no worse than shabby. Many middleclass people who have now moved out to Grosse Pointe or Harper Woods passed decent, happy childhoods along these tree-lined avenues. The area's shopping streets are indeed shoddy. But their shoddiness is no worse than many rundown streets in white areas of U.S. cities. The rioting spread along the arterial avenues (Dexter, Grand River, Kercheval), just as the Negro families have themselves spread out until many of the more prosperous have reached the white suburbs. Much of the most substandard housing is to be found outside the main battle area. Off Mack Avenue you will find red-brick tenements whose broken windowpanes and air of neglect predate the riots. But even these streets, blurring imperceptibly into white areas, have not the squalor, the overcrowding, the legal restrictions on moving from house to house, to bear even imaginative comparison with those walled slums in the cities of Central Europe where racial minorities were once imprisoned. Detroit's Negro areas are not ghettoes, they are basically *suburban* clusters. A useful coining might be to call them "clausters" to comprehend the degree of claustrophobia felt by their younger inmates. Remember, however, that young whites feel similarly constricted in their own clausters. Nobody who wants to be anybody can get along with his folks or his home town these days. Such understandable frustrations should not be dignified with the imagery of the genuine suffering of the old ghettoes. In the last few weeks, language has been getting out of control as well as the hoodlums. A white cleric in Grosse Pointe told a wealthy matron that she lived in a middle-class ghetto, to which she replied: "I do not. Grosse Pointe is an upper-class ghetto."

The Vultures of Disaster

What could be stranger than a city under internal siege from its own citizens? In the hotel lobby, photographers and newsmen—the vultures of disaster come to pick at the charred carrion—stand around complaining of the difficulty of getting a good meal and, above all, liquor. The Café Caprice, the Book Casino, the Ban-

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tam Bar—all are closed. In the elevator, paratroopers, with neatly pressed battle dress faded at the edges, hold their rifles awkwardly, like women with parasols. "Soldier," says the sergeant, "would you prefer four hours on and four off or a six-hour duty?" "I'd sure like 24 hours off," says an alert Negro trooper. A chubby delegate to some county convention now overshadowed looks upset by the presence of the soldiers. By way of a joke, he whispers to his wife, "This is Detroit where the niggers riot." She doesn't smile but looks straight back at him blankly.

As the nine o'clock curfew strikes, the cars melt off the streets. This city was built, by, with and for, the automobile, but even the conquering metal monster must obey the governor. National Guardsmen saunter out like bats in the twilight, two on each street corner. Some exchange cheerful abuse with the Negro families sitting on their porches along the deserted avenues. Downtown, the solid mercantile façades are inviolate. Doormen flip their toes, bored by the lack of action on the boulevards.

And Now Reconstruction

As the morning sun shines on Grand River Boulevard, a beaming Negro swings his green Cadillac-and-trailer round the corner. On the trailer is stenciled *"Keep Detroit Beautiful—Goodwill Landscaping."* He has a lot of work to do. Along the arterial avenues, about two stores in every block are completely burnt out, though the neighboring fronts may be unharmed except for smashed windows. The charred sign is hardly legible above S. S. Kress. The Army and Navy store, its smallness belying its grandiose title, won't be selling to the general public for a while. Some executive at Greenberg's Store vainly scrawled an improbable "Soul Brother" across the window. At the top of Dexter Avenue, Fashion Five-Twenty successfully proclaims itself Soul Sister as well as Brother, selling as it does to both sexes. Mel's Style Shop, a couple of doors along, was less lucky. Its trellis grille now guards only a heap of rubble. A strong whiff of anti-Semitism rises from the devastated areas.

Ian Fleming once wrote that volcanic lava was the lowest substance on God's earth. Can it be more depressing than the charred wreckage of supermarkets? Occasionally you glimpse the orange or green of a detergent packet, but most of the stock has been reduced to a dry brown-black sludge with metal struts curling up through it like some brutalist sculpture. Owners stand in hopeless speculation outside the stores that were spared. "Soul Brother, *Please*" —like some polite but anguished plea to wipe your feet please. Police cars and the paratrooper jeeps on the East Side roll slowly by, rifles sticking casually out of the window like fishing rods. At the corner of Euclid, the four twenty-foot-high globes on the lampposts have been shattered with geometric precision. At the bottom of each still lies a little pool of broken glass.

Twelfth Street. Here, they say, is where it was at. The *New York Times* made its readers' flesh creep with reports of how you could actually *see* prostitutes and drug peddlers here. So no doubt you could and will be able to again when the National Guard is gone. But you can see prostitutes on the Champs Elysées, pushers in Piccadilly Circus. Such unsavory sights are not of themselves an occasion of civil disorder. But there is still plenty for the slow caterpillar of rubbernecking motorists to see. In the morning most of the sightseers are black. They look with calm interest at what their soul brothers have done. Entire blocks are gutted, only a few rudimentary party walls left. The remaining buildings are scarred, glass smashed, counters empty and covered with ash. The looting was extraordinary. Youths in cars and on foot rushed down the residential streets, shouting to their friends to come and get the stuff. One Negro woman saw two boys wheeling a rack of clothes out of the cleaners and recognized her own dresses. The boys were made to "put them back this minute." On 12th and Taylor, a fire is burning. Plumes of smoke curl through the tangled roof beams and flames char the already charred. But this is Whitey's fire. An integrated demolition team in blue helmets stands watching the blaze. In the Whitestone Baptist Church (Rev. Henry C. Lee, Minister) a line forms to collect food and clothing—lettuce, flour, grubby pink frocks and blue rompers. Outside, a bewildered small boy is being coached by his father to go back for a second helping of food. Just opposite the shabby grey church, a skinny black doll in a ragged skirt lies in the roadway—the gift of some celestial hand to reporters with tired imaginations.

All together 43 people are dead. In nearly 1,400 fires up to $200 million of damage to property has been done. The total cost, including lost sales and wages, restoration of public utilities, pay for National Guardsmen, overtime for troops and police, all the collapse of normal life engendered by civil disorder—is reckoned at a billion dollars.

Accusations, Recriminations

How did so many people get killed? How did the riot grow so fast throughout the city? Romney, Cavanagh and Police Commissioner Girardin are all being blamed for their slow reactions. Romney is alleged to have been tardy in getting federal troops. Washington claims that he kept on changing his mind during numerous telephone calls to Attorney General Ramsey Clark, that he was unwilling to strengthen into a firm request a recommendation that federal troops be sent. On the other hand, Washington's own record is none too good, with the GOP blaming Johnson and the President stressing in his nationwide broadcast Romney's inability to control the situation. Many will agree with the condemnation from Senators Morton and Mansfield of all this unconvincing partisanship. Girardin is blamed for delaying the order to shoot back at snipers. Such orders (or the lack of them) seem to have been largely a matter for local commanders, though any delay would have been in accordance with Girardin's known views. In Newark the authorities were quick to start shooting—and the riots continued and people were still killed. But there seems little question that the Detroit police were at fault in not making a speedy show of strength. The fatal incubation period of Sunday morning drew into the riots youths who would otherwise have been scared off. Observers spoke of "a carnival spirit" at the start of the looting, which the then outnumbered police could do nothing to halt. Mayor

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Maier of Milwaukee has demonstrated the effectiveness of getting as many men (whether police, National Guards or soldiers) on the spot as fast as possible. But beyond this elementary principle, there is a clear need for improved methods of riot control. In the early stages of disorder, teargas and high-pressure hoses (the intervention of rain in Milwaukee was a lucky dampener) are weapons whose usefulness has been demonstrated throughout the world. But even granted the methods actually employed in Detroit, the death toll seems extraordinary on any conventional assessment of the human instinct for self-preservation. Perhaps, as one of Graham Greene's characters remarks, "colored people get killed more easily than Anglo-Saxons."

The Automation Bugaboo

Yet in the long run, the best methods of riot control will not abolish riots, if the urge and the organization for violence continue. Violence is not caused by police negligence, and violence on this scale not even by police brutality. Let us first examine the reasons usually given for such violence, that is, the social distinctions between black and white. During the Detroit riots of 1943, black fought white in Belleisle Park and 34 people were killed. This time there was no record of Negroes fighting with white civilians, though some poor whites joined in the looting and fought with the police. There has been progress. A Detroit businessman told me: "Any Negro who is willing to work can make a decent life for himself in Detroit. And this has been true for twenty years." The *Detroit Free Press* says that one-third of Negroes under 35 are unemployed. No doubt both the businessman and the newspaper are right. The gap is between the opportunities offered and the grasping of those opportunities. The opportunities for the Negro community *as a whole* even in so prosperous a city as Detroit are still far from adequate. And with increasing automation, it will become more and more difficult to provide enough jobs for the unskilled. Worse still, Negroes are failing to grasp those opportunities that are available. But such unemployment is not in itself a sole or sufficient cause of riots. Detroit's unemployment rate is twice the national average. Milwaukee's is around the average figure. Riots in both cities. Scotland and Northern Ireland have rates comparable to Detroit's and *four to six times* the United Kingdom's national average (much of it long-term unemployment due to the decay of traditional mining and heavy industry). No significant riots. Children from uneducated homes in depressed parts of a country always tend to acquire fewer skills and lower incomes than the children of middle-class homes in growth areas. This is as true in Russia or Britain as in the United States.

In fact the social and income differences in the U.S. are often less striking, because the well-off live in what is externally a modest style (though the poverty of public amenities in American cities, such as parks and beaches, partly offsets this soothing effect). And if unemployment is the case, why should riots increase where Negro poverty is lessening (absolutely though not always relative to white prosperity) rather than in areas where poverty is worsening, such as the Mississippi Delta? Admittedly, from the French Revolution onwards it has been a commonplace that people are more likely to riot on half-full bellies than when they are starving. But to riot on a full belly requires some greater dissatisfaction. And many of the Detroit rioters were full-bellied. A survey of arrestees found that those rioters who were employed (the majority) were earning an average of $117 a week and included building and car workers, waiters and college students.

Does this greater dissatisfaction lie in the denial of total integration as a principle? On jade-green Lake St. Clair the sailboats of Motown executives dimple the waters with their red-white-and-blue spinnakers. Along Lake Shore Drive: No Fishing, Swimming, Picknicking or Loitering, Private Pier, You Must Have Permit, Warning—Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted. At Mount Clemens, 25 miles out, there is a lovely public park set with willows and birches, swimming pool and beach (50 cents per auto). Among the thousands of tanned bodies, there is none tanned from birth. On the other hand, police cars straddle the Douglas MacArthur Bridge leading to Belleisle Park, now almost exclusively a Negro resort and closed during the week of rioting. Of course, to say that there is a world of difference between the peeling houses beside the Ford Freeway and the palladian brick mansion of Henry Ford II on Lake Shore Drive is to say little more than that there is a difference between rich and poor. Yet there is more to it. Segregation in education and housing can be attributed to the imperfect execution of the public policy of integration. But de facto segregation on public beaches is a voluntary act of the people, both black and white. This does not mean that there should be any lessening in official attempts to provide equal rights and opportunities for all. But it does indicate that integration as a principle is neither the aim of, nor the solution to, the riots.

Faced with the apparent eclipse of the old aspiration of the American Negro, many are turning to the proposition that the riots were organized and inspired by Communists and left-

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wing militants. It is pointed out that so many people knew the riots were coming, that some stores were spared while others were burnt to the ground. But it did not take much prescience to forecast a riot in Detroit, which, in spite of its good race relations, has had riots before. And the sparing of certain stores is equally inconclusive. At the McClellan-Mack intersection, all the stores except one were burnt this summer and last summer, too. The exception was a prenatal center for wed and unwed mothers run by the visiting nurses. In a matriarchal clauster, any Negro youth who didn't want a bawling out would obviously steer clear of the center. Nevertheless, it would be surprising if the Communists et al. did not take a big part in the organization of the riots. Indeed, they would feel humiliated if they had not helped such a useful situation along. Training of snipers and saboteurs would be the first duty of any Party-respecting Communist. J. Edgar Hoover has told the Kerner Commission that he has no evidence of "conspiracy," and indeed such evidence in the old sense may be hard to come by. For when the media broadcast nationwide pronouncements of a two-bit agitator and inflate them as the voice of the civil rights movement, what need is there of invisible inks and clandestine rendezvous in Central Park? Nowadays people conspire at the top of their voices. And it is about time that the authorities took action to preserve both the public peace and the public's eardrums. If the ravings of Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael are not sedition or treason or trying to overthrow the government of the United States by force, we need some new definitions.

'I Wanna Go Home'

But the silencing of the *agents provocateurs,* the destruction of sabotage organizations will only lessen the depredations of future riots. The soil of violence will remain fertile. For all these factors—unemployment, substandard housing, slum schools, the prospering of the agitators—are symptoms, not causes, of the colossal social change the American Negro—and indeed the whole of American society—is undergoing. And like most upheavals, it has only begun to be studied when in full swing. Herbert Bienstock, regional director of the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, states the situation: "One of every two Negroes in New York and other major cities in the North and West is an 'in-migrant,' chiefly from the South. They are unskilled, except as farmhands, pushed off the land by a technological revolution that has achieved ever greater harvests with less and less labor. Since 1947 there has been a net decline in farm employment of nearly four million jobs. In the last three years the drop was 700,000."

In other words, the Northern Negroes are basically a displaced lumpenproletariat, forced by the threat of total poverty to move in search of work into an alien environment. The Moynihan Report claims that the result of this has been that "the Negro family in the urban ghettoes is crumbling. For vast numbers the fabric of conventional social relationships has all but disintegrated." But in the new environment there are only a limited number of jobs for the unskilled, and with further technological advances there will be fewer still. Elliot Liebow (in *Tally's Corner*—a study of Negro life in Washington, D.C.) says: "The inability of the Negro male to earn a living and support his family is the central factor of lower-class Negro life." And even those Negroes who get the jobs often feel that they have exchanged economic improvement for the loss of a society which even if based on poverty had at least a warmth and a familiarity. This feeling is nowhere better illustrated than in the sentimentality of the song, "Detroit City":**

Last night I went to sleep in Detroit City
And I dreamed about the cotton fields at home.
I dreamed about my mother,
Dear old pappy, sister and brother;
And I dreamed about the girl who's been waiting for so long.

I wanna go home.
Oh, how I wanna go home.

Home folks think I'm big in Detroit City
From the letters that I write, they think I'm fine.
But by day I make the cars,
By night I make the bars.
If only they could read between the lines.

'Cause you know I rode a freight train north to Detroit City;
And after all these years, I find I've just been wasting my time.
So I think I'll take my foolish pride,
And put it on the southbound freight and let it ride,
And go on back to the loved ones,
The ones I left waiting so far behind.

"Call in an impartial study group to make a report on the situation."

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Letter from Vienna

A New Comintern?

L. M. TAUBINGER

The recent call for a World Communist Conference, and various other symptoms, suggest that Moscow hopes to regain leadership in the Communist world by reviving the old Comintern strategy. In so doing, the Russian Communists seek to curb the striving for more independence in some Communist states and parties, and also to strengthen international support for their own foreign policies.

Editors Adapt Themselves

There are signs that the former Comintern Secretariat, which had its headquarters in Moscow until its official dissolution in 1943, was re-established some years ago under the camouflage of the editorial office of the *World Marxist Review* in Prague. The work of the "editors" seems to be rather complex: not only do they publish the *Review*, the leading ideological organ of the pro-Soviet Communist parties in eighteen languages, but they are also active in coordinating the activities of pro-Soviet Communist parties and their agitprop front organizations.

The *Review*'s editorial office is headed by Georgiy Pavlovich Frantsev, also known as Yuri Frantsev. Frantsev, contrary to reports, is not a Czech but a Russian. He's a member of the Central Committee of the CPSU. He succeeded A. M. Rumyantsev early in 1965 after the latter was appointed editor-in-chief of *Pravda*. The *Review* itself was founded in September 1958, and has always been under firm Soviet control. The organizing Secretary of the Editorial Board, Alexander Soboliev, is also a Russian.

The crash of a Bulgarian airplane near Bratislava on November 24, 1966 disclosed some secrets of this center of revolution in Prague. Among the victims were four members of Frantsev's staff—not simple journalists, but Japanese and Latin American Communists, delegated as liaison officers of their parties to the Prague Center.

All Communist parties are, in theory, entitled to a representative on Frantsev's staff, but it is the Editorial Board, which refers all matters to Moscow, which authorizes what is published in the *Review*. But according to Soboliev (in an interview with the Indian CP paper *New Age* in August 1964), only 32 out of more than eighty parties were represented. The Sino-Soviet dispute led to the withdrawal from the *Review* of the Chinese and most of their supporters, leaving policy firmly in the hands of pro-Soviet Communists.

The *Review* has greatly expanded its activities since its foundation. It began by organizing seminars in Prague to discuss and coordinate regional problems of Communist activity and in October 1964, along with a Soviet journal, it organized an international seminar in East Berlin to discuss a wide range of topics. Later, in October 1965, a meeting took place in the building which houses the *Review*, the so-called "Peace and Socialism Publishing House" in Prague. Delegates of 35 Communist parties gathered to work out new directives for the "united front" tactics which had been recommended by Moscow earlier in the same year. The conference was held in remembrance of the seventh, and officially "last," Comintern meeting in 1935, which proposed the "popular front" tactics used most by European Communist parties during the last years before World War II.

Propagandists Cooperate

At a seminar of the Editorial Board in Warsaw last December, psychologists and leading economic and agitprop experts from the Soviet bloc countries analyzed the economic and psychopolitical situation in the Western European countries, to determine how ripe they were for the Soviet-planned "European Security Conference" and the destruction of NATO which is already under way, courtesy of de Gaulle.

There is also close cooperation between the Editorial Board of the *World Marxist Review* and the so-called World Council of Peace, one of Moscow's most important and successful propaganda organizations. *WCP* officials met in Prague last February with members of Frantsev's staff. There are reports that the new Comintern intends to delegate a liaison officer to the Vienna headquarters of the WCP, which now goes under the camouflage of the "International Institute for Peace."

Besides this, which has little to do with editing and publishing the *World Marxist Review*, Frantsev's staff also puts out an Information Bulletin in several languages of resolutions and declarations published by individual Communist parties, plus a number of propaganda pamphlets and booklets on a variety of subjects. Their efforts in the last year have included a collection of articles on revolution in Latin America already published in the *Review*, and a pamphlet publicizing the activities of Communist guerrillas in Colombia. The latter serves as reminder that Soviet Communism, while it may be at odds with the Cubans and the Chinese over the question of when violence should be used, supports these methods when there is reason to believe that they will pay off.

Coexistence a Trick

All this is in the style of the allegedly dissolved Comintern Secretariat. Therefore, it would be a great mistake to believe in the coexistence slogans of the Communists. The first period of "peaceful coexistence" was a product of the seventh Comintern Conference in 1935 and ended with the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact in August 1939. After Stalin's death Moscow decided to employ this tactic again in order to lull the free world. But the attitude of the majority of the Communist parties during and since World War II, and the intensified activity of Frantsev's staff in Prague, suggest that the coordinating subversive apparatus of the Comintern has never stopped its activity. On the contrary, it seems to be preparing a new offensive against the West.

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Middle-Income Elegance In Switzerland

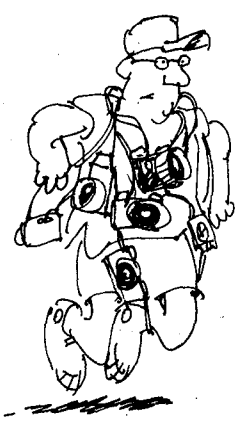
NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

Arolla, Val d'Herens, Valais

Despite the recession rumbles, the overwhelming impression of Belgium and Switzerland is that of overwhelming prosperity. The roads are jammed with small cars, mostly French, the road sides with sites for camping, all thick with super-modern blue, yellow and red tents. In spite of the crowding, the sites are beautifully clean. And there was not a billboard in sight.

In Lausanne, the station was full of Italian and Greek workers traveling both north and south. Everybody appears to be traveling somewhere, in whatever state they can afford, for work or pleasure. The vast majority of the hotel staffs is Italian or Spanish, even in this mountain retreat 6,000 feet high in the Valais. But though the Swiss hotel owners and managers say dolefully that things are not what they were, which is certainly true, the fact remains that the service is a million times better than in America. You can get a suit pressed early on Sunday morning or have the porter take your shoes and have them fixed within an hour, your bags will be dispatched for you, and so on. And I'm not talking of grand luxe hotels, but places where middle-income families stay with slews of kids. You get thanks for tips that are most modest by our standards, such as quarters and half-dollars.

It is also extremely pleasing to have one's food decently served from a platter, and by the waiter. There is none of that revolting piling up of food on cold plates so common in America. Here the plates are hot and the second helping is waiting for you on an electric hotplate, even in the modest beer restaurants frequented by Swiss workers. Yet many of New York's luxury restaurants find it impossible not to give you the blue-plate special type of service. The food itself is invariably good, often outstanding. On Lake Geneva we sat on a restaurant terrace overlooking the lake, a true bower of flowers with petunias in all colors predominating, and ate lake perch, preceded by chicken liver mousse in aspic, followed by salad and fruit ices, for less than $3, with an excellent bottle of wine (about $3 also). And these are typical prices; a meal costing $5 to $10 in a luxury restaurant here would cost three to four times as much in the United States and not be nearly as well served. My husband was most impressed with a pair of young maidens who handled a full bistro of workmen in Sion, where we dropped in for a beer and a cervelat sausage.



Delectations

They were pretty, pleasant and fast, taking pride in their work.

What struck us also was the absence of mechanical music. We spent a Sunday riding on Lake Geneva in one of those steamers that cater to local families. We thought it remarkable that even teen-agers spent their Sundays with their papas and mamas, minding the little ones, and without Muzak or transistor radios. (But having seen the Americanization of Switzerland, I dare say that the age of the transistor will soon come.) This same absence of musical noise enchants us in this mountain hotel, as does the seemliness of the guests. One gentleman, sitting in the garden, raised his voice recalling an anecdote, and at once several voices arose in a chorus—"*Plus doucement, monsieur, s'il vous plait.*" As for the children, I can only report that they stay with their parents, and French and Swiss parents are in full control, bless them.

Arolla is an extraordinary place. Short of climbing, serious climbing, you can't go any higher. The Herens valley is one of the least touristy and well-known valleys of the Valais, where most of the local people still wear the national costume as daily dress, a practice unique in Switzerland. The settlement sits high in an amphitheater of Alps and glaciers, and the hotel from which I write is higher yet, among the last larches and firs before the end of the timberline. It is the perfect place for lovers of the Alpine landscape like myself who can't go walking because of lameness, an incredibly frustrating state of affairs for the mountain climber I once was. French, Swiss and a few English families come here with their children. The food is good, and so is the service, which must be a triumph of management since it must be difficult to get and keep help high up an Alp with nowhere to go.

I wish I could stay all summer.

Apart from the extraordinary Mont Collon and the Pigne d'Arolla, we see, high, high up on their sides the hydroelectric installations that give Switzerland its only fuel, for home consumption and export. All you see are sides of a smooth man-made slope and an iron door that leads into the tunnels excavated through whole mountains where water is channeled into powerplants. The water itself is caught in reservoirs, so that there are few of the usual Swiss waterfalls left dashing down the mountains. Helicopters alone made these installations possible, transporting thousands and thousands of workers (mostly Italian) and material to heights of 10,000 feet and more. An engineer who worked for years building one of these hydroelectric plants said that it would take a Zola to describe the life during construction. Today, the thousands of workers have gone from the Arolla mountains, and only a handful run the fully automated power plant at the foot of Mont Collon. You'd never know that all of these mountains have been tunneled through, and conquered, or rather possessed, by progress.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Tory and Old Whig Fun

RUSSELL KIRK

CONSERVATISM IS ENJOYMENT," Walter Bagehot wrote a century ago. It is of some significance that America's two principal fun-fairs are situated check by jowl in the heart of Goldwater-Reagan territory, and that both are the creations of conservative gentlemen of imagination.

I refer to Disneyland and to Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town, in Orange County, California. Don't let anyone tell you that these are mere commercial enterprises. Charming fancy built them, and any visitor's spirits are lifted up by a few hours (or better still, some days) spent in these enchanted realms, more fantastic than the stately pleasure-dome by Kubla Khan decreed. Make you a pilgrimage thither, true-blue conservative, and take with you all your rising generation.

Kirk

As Mr. Ray Bradbury often tells his audiences, don't be ashamed of loving Disneyland: it is lovable. The late Walt Disney, a staunch Republican and champion of tastes traditional, evoked such a world as even Prospero could not fashion. Disneyland's delights have been described too often, and are too numerous, for me to catalog them here. But my especial darling is the newest Disney satrapy, "New Orleans" *cum* "Pirates of the Caribbean."

Above ground, in this complex, is a maze of Vieux Carré lanes and courtyards. (If the Federal Bureau of Roads, great Vandal, has its way in Louisiana, soon Disney's ingenious reproductions will be more satisfactory than anything left in the original New Orleans.) These are lined with delectable shops, restaurants, and shows. Below ground is the most splendid and thrilling ride in all the world—the cruise by boat among the Pirates of the Caribbean. Words fail me, gentle reader, when I aspire to give some account of the fearful joys of this expedition: the cannonades of the buccaneers volleying and thundering, Panama and Caracas sacked and burnt before one's eyes. We drift on and on among these scenes of carnage and sanguinary merriment, protected from the combatants by a mantle of invisibility.

Before long, I trust, Disneyland will open its tremendous Haunted House, which stands hard by New Orleans, in handsome green grounds —but which as yet does not admit mortal visitants. Whenever I make my way to Disneyland, I poke my nose through the wrought-iron gates of the Haunted House's precincts, like a boy at a candy-shop window. Comrade Khrushchev, repelled by a heartless capitalist regime from this Garden of Earthly Delights, knows too well the lifelong pang which anyone must suffer who comes so close to the Terrestrial Paradise—and, after being weighed in the balance, is found unworthy to enter.

MR. WALTER KNOTT'S Berry Farm and Ghost Town, developed over forty-seven years by a farmer who began with a few thousand dying boysenberry bushes, in some ways is even more fun than Disneyland. For one thing, admission is free, and one can spend a whole day there without sacrificing a penny—if one can resist the odors from Mrs. Knott's kitchens, and the enticements of the innumerable shops, various as the booths of Vanity Fair but a great deal more uplifting. There are even bookshops, where one encounters the chief works of all literary champions of freedom, justice and order.

The Ghost Town—consisting in part of genuine old buildings transported from deserted mining sites, and in part of marvelous reproductions of the type—is one sprawling expanse of the jolly picturesque, from the jail (with a talking prisoner who knows amazing things about *you*) to the saloons, complete with dancing girls and bumpers of boysenberry juice. The mountain-railway ride through the Calico Mine never cloys.

At Knott's, the newest splendor is the full-scale reproduction of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, perfect in every detail: a work pious in the old Roman sense. Here, in the handsome chamber where the Continental Congress met, one actually hears the authors of the Declaration of Independence at their debates. (Today's Congress taxes Mr. Knott heavily for having been patriotically presumptuous enough to erect Independence Hall in California; so there is a modest admission fee, but it's worth it just to hear John Adams in the accents of 1776.)

You understand, I'm sure, that these Gardens of Delights cannot be captured in a single day. If you and yours stay overnight, or for several nights, I earnestly recommend that you put up at the Mission Inn, in Riverside, an easy drive distant. Aside from being spacious and comfortable, with good food, the Mission Inn is the most fantastic and curious and labyrinthine hostelry in these United States, or perhaps in the universe. (Rates are modest enough.) It seems ageless. Cloister after cloister, gallery above gallery, Spanish chapels, catacombs, audience-chambers, halls of art, splashing fountains, battlements, gigantic clocks with moving figures, enigmatic statues, topless towers—why, at the Mission Inn (which never was a mission, but began as a frontier stage-stop) your offspring will be swallowed up in wonder.

NO LIBERAL ever will be half so inventive as Walt Disney, or Walter Knott, or the family which, over generations, piled rococo grotesque upon baroque ingenuity at the Mission Inn. One might as well expect Sir John Falstaff to apply for Medicare, as to ask a liberal to think of anything funny or fantastic. Get your utopia now: go West, young man, and learn to rejoice with Tory and Old Whig. There'll be no fun when, in John Betjeman's lines, surging millions cry from communal canteens, "No right! No wrong! All's perfect, everywhere!"

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The Local Guru

JEFFREY HART

To those familiar with the campus scene, the Local Guru is a well-known type, and most campuses have one. The Local Guru can appear in any department, but Religion, Philosophy, and Sociology seem favored locations, while English and History, for example, are stonier places, probably because they have more settled curricula, and are more sure of themselves, and therefore are less penetrable by the free-wheeling Guru.

Naturally, the Guru is despised by other faculty members who see him as subverting what they are pleased to call their "disciplines," but the Guru attracts an intense band of student disciples. *His* message strikes a chord, he seems to honor and understand the students' misery, and he provides it with some sort of objective justification. Above all, the Guru and his student disciples share an "insight" which renders them superior to the others around them, to the blinkered, the duped, and the mundane, and to the pharisees of orthodox learning on the faculty. After such knowledge, what forgiveness? The Guru always mixes in the personal affairs of his students, which are usually messy, and he massages psyches.

***The Cool Millennium*, by Gerald Sykes. Prentice-Hall, $5.95**

GERALD SYKES, connoisseur of alienation, is a Local Guru. His previous books have titles like *Alienation: The Cultural Climate of Our Time*, *The Hidden Remnant*, and *The Children of Light*. The present volume exhibits him actually at work on the campus. It consists of his lectures, reproduced and summarized, with a running narrative dealing with the responses, and the fates, of his students. As an exhibition of Gurumanship it has some interest.

To succeed as a Guru, however, takes a good deal of force and charm, and one supposes that Sykes may indeed command these, but in print the whole affair seems pretty derivative. Sykes' range of cultural reference is impressive (the other adjective that defines it is ostentatious): he quotes just about everybody, especially the fashionable ones — McLuhan, Alan Watts, Mircea Eliade, and Jung, but he can also ring in Cassirer, Nietzsche, Rilke, Huizinga, Plato and Dante. Entertaining as all this is, his whole argument really derives from another Guru, the Local Guru's Guru, as it were, Jacques Ellul, who, as a matter of fact, shows signs of becoming the Toynbee of the 1970s and probably will edge McLuhan aside.

Ellul's notion, which Sykes takes over, is that everything is now epiphenomenal to the fact of technology, or as Ellul puts it, "technique." Ellul defines this as the pursuit of the "one best means" to achieve a consciously chosen end, and "technique," he argues, is implicitly totalitarian. Thus, you can't plan any activity—weapons production, car production, farming, medicine, merchandising—without planning all the activities which affect them. The efficiency of one presupposes the efficiency of all. In Ellul, this thought moves inexorably to global totalitarianism, as, awe-struck, he overlooks the cultural and political road blocks. One can only say: Tell it to Harold Wilson. England, the first country to industrialize, is so far from achieving even a decent efficiency, most of its conscious citizens being in a sort of growling rebellion, that Ellul's projection of global air-conditioned nightmare seems pretty absurd.

In Ellul the technological nightmare vision of the near future seems to be an exaggerated response to recent attempts to introduce some sort of sense into French economic life. He is afraid that if the French improve their plumbing they will forget how to cook. In Sykes, it justifies a more general *malaise*. We are, it seems, victims in every area. We are surrounded by lies, our language is enfeebled, education is corrupt, art is impoverished, sex is brutal, women are worse off than ever before, our bread is inferior, our foreign policy is a fraud, in such a world the mad are sane and the sane are mad, etc.

Boo hoo. *The Cool Millennium* is merely one of a great many recent books which are informed by an impulse not really to reject but to *say* that one rejects the conditions of contemporary life. Why? Well, here is one theory: Affluence and other factors have produced a good deal of confusion about social status, a good deal of shuffling up and down, and the Academy indeed has become a

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sort of social class in itself. Throughout the society there are large numbers of people who can read, and who have been "educated," but who do not know how to "rate" themselves. But rejection, as a gesture, carries the implication of superior insight and refinement of spirit; it is intrinsically higher as a gesture than acceptance. The *malaise* we find in books like *The Cool Millennium* is really a claim to higher status *within* the system, and as such it sells. I think Sykes knows all this.

Dream-World Treaties

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

KOSYGIN AND BREZHNEV and a lot of other people insist on calling it the Treaty of Moscow. McBride is content to go along with those over here who pass it off as the Test Ban Treaty. Whatever it's called, McBride sees the Treaty as an exercise in "good-guyism" on our part, and he reminds us where good guys finish.

Over four years have now passed since this proudest achievement of the Kennedy Administration. McBride recalls how, back then, the agreement was hailed as that first step on a long journey and the foundation on which Soviet-American understanding would grow. We were told we were cooperating with Moscow to save the world from nuclear holocaust; we were told the Treaty showed the critics that the Soviet Union would cooperate, after all, and more agreements might follow.

***The Test Ban Treaty: Military, Technological and Political Implications*, by James Hubert McBride. Regnery, $5.75**

These dreams were dreams only. The Test Ban Treaty did not assure peace or indicate Soviet willingness to cooperate. In order to get this show-case agreement, McBride argues, the United States met every Soviet objection while the USSR adamantly refused to concede anything. At stake in this PR victory was the very security of the nation. McBride lists fifteen areas in which the United States is militarily disadvantaged as a result of the Treaty. He can list as many technological disadvantages and fifteen times fifteen political disadvantages. In short, the Treaty saddled the United States with definite, continuing, and possibly disastrous disadvantages in the military, technological, and political areas.

Any fair reading of McBride must leave one with several questions. Why was it thought necessary to override security considerations? Why let the Soviets make permanent a superiority of nuclear knowledge in certain areas? Why ignore the opinions of many Americans (the Joint Chiefs, Dr. Teller, General Schriever, Admiral Burke, and others) who opposed the Treaty? Why insist on Soviet good intentions so soon after the Cuban missile crisis in which Gromyko and other Soviet figures lied to JFK? Why, indeed?

MCBRIDE doesn't answer these questions. He simply lists the disadvantages of the treaty. But his book prompts one to ask if the passage of four years has tended to support his assessment or that of the more euphoric pro-Treaty fans?

Let McBride be read in one sitting along with JFK's June 1963 speech at the American University and McNamara's 1966 speech in Montreal. McBride is cold and factual; he is patient in explaining how the Soviet Union looks for advantages and concessions wherever it can find them. JFK is hopeful, credulous and optimistic. SuperMac is the advocate—the treasurer giving the annual report and determined to put the best face on it. McBride urges caution about Soviet intentions. JFK urges hope. McNamara urges us to look elsewhere, say, into the economic situation of the developing countries or into the minds of those (whoever they are) who make world public opinion.

John Kennedy, tragically, is gone, but his hopes continue to influence us. It is his heritage which impels many to look for the best in Soviet leaders, in spite of—even in direct contradiction to—their actions. McNamara is with us, late and soon, and pushes, with the relentlessness of the unemotional, an ideological approach to security affairs. During his tenure, the best military and civilian opinion has been frequently overriden in security areas—the ballistic missile defense, the nuclear carrier, the advanced manned strategic aircraft, and the test ban. McBride's analysis of the Test Ban Treaty is a clear demonstration, in one case at least, of ideological considerations overriding security considerations in American policy decisions.

Now, the follow-on treaties are being urged on the American people. Arguments advanced in support of the treaty to prohibit the proliferation of nuclear weapons parallel those heard earlier for the Treaty of Moscow. Bans on the use of outer space for military purposes have been written into an agreement which is just as impossible to enforce as the test ban (and with as great, or greater, dangers for our security). And the McNamara way to settle any problems about defense against missiles is to negotiate with Moscow.

IF ONE SUPPOSED—just supposed—that perhaps the USSR might use such agreements to strengthen Soviet security and to weaken U.S. security, the value of such treaties might emerge in a different light. McBride's analysis of the Test Ban Treaty is not undertaken in that spirit, but his examination does show that the Treaty provides the Soviet Union with numerous opportunities for mischief. This piece of careful scholarship affords one more indication that major security decisions in the McNamara epoch are made on ideological grounds, with the resultant weakening of America's strategic security.

President Johnson has said: "But if peace is sturdier than at any time in these [past] two decades, it is because we—and free men everywhere—have proved preparedness to be the most effectual means of preserving peace." As McBride shows, you don't maintain preparedness by concluding dream-world agreements with your opponents. We must hope the President meant what he said.

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Holmes' Doyle

SIR SHANE LESLIE

Conan Doyle, by Pierre Nordon. Holt, $7.95

WITH SUCH FULL BIOGRAPHIES already written about Conan Doyle by Hesketh Pearson and Dickson Carr, it seems surplus to add to the number. However, a professor at the University of Nantes has rewritten all that preceded him and added much gleaned over the years since. Readers who require Professor Nordon's settled views will be happier reading his deep erudition as expressed in French. It is immensely difficult to make a French academician of any kind talk or write in English. Hesketh Pearson and Dickson Carr make far easier and no doubt less erudite reading.

Professor Nordon has penetrated archives and garnered unpublished material. His book must be read for the correspondence from Winston Churchill, Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, and many others. Footnotes bearing the illuminating word "unpublished" place him ahead of his predecessors.

Those who remember the arrival of Sherlock Holmes in the Nineties enjoyed his adventures as much as *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines.* These stories were equally and totally successful, but out of them all only one single character (which Haggard and Stevenson lacked) took a place with some of Dickens or Scott —perhaps even to live longer than any of them. In the mid-Nineties English families omitted the name of Oscar at the font, but by the end of the century no male member of a Holmes family could escape being nicknamed "Sherlock."

No writer became more weary of his weanling than Doyle of Sherlock Holmes. In vain he dropped him. In vain he killed him. An adoring and paying public demanded his return in stories even unto sixty times. Biographers have now to decide the difference between author and creation, between the detective and the myth. Doyle and Holmes have become each other. In vain Doyle wrote novels of historical fiction to make the literary Valhalla he desired. Nordon writes heavily concerning all of them, but the tomb of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in all coming years will be surcharged with the features and character of Sherlock as he described him. The public would rejoice to find him in Madame Tussaud's and Westminster Abbey.

SIR ARTHUR was a British prophet in his way. However much described as a typical Englishman, he was deeply Irish—hence his fierce public

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Georges Bidault, now an exile in Belgium, pours vials of wrath on de Gaulle in his political autobiography, *Résistance* (Praeger, fall, $6.95). . . . Will and Ariel Durant have brought forth the tenth and final tome of their "Story of Civilization," *Rousseau and Revolution* (Simon and Schuster, September, $15). . . . *Lady in the Shower* is the first collection of Peter Arno cartoons in a decade (Simon and Schuster, September, $4.95). . . . Harcourt is reprinting, in a uniform edition, the novels of James Gould Cozzens. First two are *S.S. San Pedro* and *Castaway* (October, $3.50 each). Cozzens' new novel, *Morning, Noon and Night,* is due next spring. . . . Newest cookbook from *NR*'s Nika Standen Hazelton is *Chocolate!* (Simon and Schuster, October, $2.50).

● Marianne Moore's *Complete Poems* will be co-published by Viking and Macmillan (November, $6). . . . Father Nicolas Point, a Jesuit missionary, roamed the Far West in the 1840s; his journals and paintings of Indians, wildlife and such are at last being published, as *Wilderness Kingdom* (Holt, September, $17.95). . . . Huh? Coming this fall is *Fyodor Chaliapin: An Autobiography As Told To Maxim Gorky* (Stein & Day, $10). . . . Now in paperback: *My Turn,* the collected newspaper columns of John O'Hara (Signet, 75¢).

● MOVIES: Screen version of Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment* lasted just three weeks in New York, repeating the dismal failures of *Four Days in November* and USIA's *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums.* . . . Now shooting: *The Green Berets,* starring John Wayne; Warner Brothers' *Finian's Rainbow,* starring Fred Astaire and Petula Clark and directed by Francis Ford Coppola; screen version of John Fowles' *The Magus,* starring Anthony Quinn and Michael Caine; United Artists' *Salt and Pepper,* a spy item with Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter Lawford; *Mrs. Brown, You've Got a Lovely Daughter,* featuring Herman's Hermits, Stanley Holloway.

American-International has two Edgar Allan Poe projects: *The Oblong Box,* which rolls this fall with Vincent Price and, uh, Fabian in top roles, and *The Gold Bug,* now in the scripting stage. . . . Screen Rights Acquired: To Tom Wolfe's *Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake etcetera,* by MGM; to *Barbarella,* that spicy French comic strip about the perpetually naked girl, by Dino de Laurentiis; to Lerner/Loewe's *Paint Your Wagon,* by Paramount (Paddy Chayefsky will do the screenplay; Joshua Logan will direct).

● TOUCHE! *Le Figaro,* reviewing Armand Gatti's routinely anti-American, pro-Communist play, *V as in Vietnam*: "Now write us a play entitled *B as in Budapest!*"

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essays in the causes of justice and chivalry. His patriotism led him to warn the English of what Germany was plotting and he inadvertently gave the enemy some striking hints, such as the effect of surrounding an island with the then little-known submarine. He was several years ahead, as the Germans confessed, in suggesting economic warfare.

The Celtic soul in Doyle finally burst forth into a crusade for spiritualism all over Canada, America, and Australia. For years he had studied Myers, Crookes, Lodge, Wallace—the few scientists who accepted psychical science. So ended a strong, tumultuous and mixed life, leaving his best friends and followers, and perhaps even himself, not knowing where he was. But the English knew where Sherlock would stand forever.

The Perpetual Itch

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

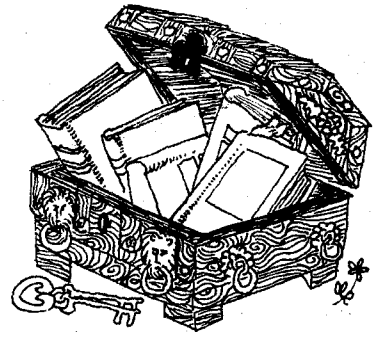
Utopia, The Perennial Heresy, by Thomas Molnar. Sheed and Ward, $5.95

PROFESSOR Thomas Molnar, pursuing a study that has increasingly dominated his periodical writing, addresses himself in his most recent book to the question of the meaning of utopianism within the total context of Western civilization. Molnar sees utopianism as constituting a perennial temptation to men who would liberate themselves from the wounds of sin, itself a dimension consubstantial with human existence. The dissolution of the personality wrought under the pressure of gnostic utopianism leads to the secularization of religion, to the deification of man, and to the end of philosophy. The perpetual itch to achieve salvation within history causes utopian movements to suppress, with the bayonet if necessary, whatever imperfections they imagine still to exist within the political community. There is, therefore, a direct link between tyranny and utopian dreaming, according to the author.

Using Teilhard de Chardin as symptomatic of contemporary utopianism, Molnar sees the French visionary as a man who projected his Omega point as the culmination of history, of a time to be brought to fulfillment through the marriage of love and science. That such a finality not only wounds the fabric of human decency but that it also destroys the inviolable center of human personality Molnar demonstrates brilliantly. Marshalling evidence from Trotsky, Cabet, Hertzka, and Chauncey Thomas, his book brings home to the reader, vividly and skilfully, the essential immorality of stretching man upon the Procrustean bed of wish fulfillment.

Molnar is dead right in rooting utopianism in a temptation which is one with the human condition and which can be traced through "an elaborate mythology in which Buddhist, Indian, Egyptian and Semitic elements were mixed with Greek and Judeo-Christian speculation." The "fall of God" demands that an imperfect world be brought into the full flowering of its being within the context of history. This last calls for man's converting himself into a "creator-god." Nonetheless, it seems to me that in his reading of Eric Voegelin Molnar has missed an essential point: the theoretical articulation of utopianism, of gnosticism (to use Voegelin's favorite term), depends upon an immanentizing of the Christian experience. A failure of religious nerve causes men who had been led to expect salvation beyond history to seek it now within time, to find pie here and not "in the sky." I find myself, therefore, in fundamental agreement with Mr. Lawrence R. Brown's review of *Utopia* in *Triumph*. Molnar fails "to recognize—or, perhaps, to acknowledge — that [utopianism] is essentially a Christian heresy." The first fully articulate utopians were those Christian disciples who grumbled about when Christ was going to set up the earthly kingdom—and this at the moment before His own Ascension into Heaven.

The utopian dream of healing human alienation can only be achieved if a law be found which is capable of destroying diversity—the root of alienation for all gnostics. This law Hegel discovered for utopians in his insistence that Identity, initially lost in the alienation of Being from itself, is achieved progressively through history by the logical immanentizing of the universal within the concrete. An empty Being, generating its own negation, achieves Identity historically by a march through time which is, in truth, "the march of God." Hegel's dialectic, therefore, must be transcended and not merely contradicted by any sophisticated Christian philosophy of the future. We do not answer Communism, for instance, by saying "no" to it. This is to fall into the trap of the "perpetual revolution." We must leap beyond every "yes" and every "no" posited by the dialectic. A trans-dialectical metaphysics is the answer to utopianism because it is the answer to the great master of theoretical gnosticism, Hegel. Molnar says "no" to Hegel and therefore traps himself within what he would destroy.



The issue can be elucidated by pointing to our author's frequent citation of Karl Popper and to his cleaving enthusiastically to the quotations he marshals. This is not simply "spoiling the Egyptians." Molnar, innocently, makes common cause with an enemy of Western civilization who condemned as historicism every attempt to establish a common code of manners and belief, which the West has known from Plato to medieval Christendom and even beyond into modern times. It is strange to see an articulate conservative like Molnar make common cause with an apostle of liberal secularism simply because both coincide in a dislike for millenarianism. Popper's contention that a society with transcendent commitments is an enemy of liberty goes along with

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his famous hatred for Plato. Significantly enough, Plato emerges in Molnar's pages as an arch enemy, as a gnostic utopian. Even Thomas More's satirical spoof, *Utopia,* is attacked for its supposed "symmetrical" understanding of human society.

PLATO'S *Republic* is not supposed to come into existence any more than is Aristotle's aristocratic *polis.* These "models" are simply paradigms by which existent political situations can be judged and they are compasses by which statesmen can guide the barque of humanity. We can quibble with Plato about the contents of his paradigm but we part company with the entire tradition if we deny paradigms philosophical value. Paradigms are not artificially fabricated by men who would torture nature and man (in Strauss' language) to achieve their own dream of the perfect. Were a philosophical paradigm to be artificially fabricated it would bring in its wake ruin and tyranny. But without such "models" man can never measure the degree of his failure or of his success in squaring himself with the full stature of his humanity. The construction in thought of "the best regime" is consubstantial to political philosophy, and Marsilius of Padua's refusal to address himself to this central political problem marked the beginnings of secularization and of modernity in the fourteenth century. This pointed to a deliberate and conscious lowering of civilization's standards and a refusal to admit that what is *is never* "the better" nor "the best."

Paradigmatic models, again, must be distinguished from political "ideals" which are simply the best that we can reasonably expect of any given concrete political order, with all its human and material weaknesses, at this moment in history. Ideals, hence, are concrete goals for the tradition whereas models are principles of absolute moral judgments. They are both distinguished from "utopias" in that utopias are the projection of a dream world (articulated in a burlesque of Christian theology) into reality, with all the terror and misery consequent thereupon.

It follows that failure to make these crucial philosophical distinctions opens one to the charge of condemning as utopian any lifting of the human mind above the pragmatically given. Yet if man, Western man, cannot raise his heart beyond the miserably mediocre moment in which he lives, if he cannot at least see "the distant hills," he will risk nothing and he will gain nothing. He will lack the charismatic fire needed to purge his own miserably corrupt civilization, not only of injustice and of materialism, but even of gnostic utopianism itself.

Movies in Brief

RICHARD CORLISS

CASINO ROYALE. For all the ballyhoo attending the recent James Bond spoof, *Casino Royale,* one comes away strangely disappointed. With 14 stars, 12 million dollars, 9 writers, 7 Bonds, 5 directors, 3 chief photographers, 2 executive producers and a partridge in a pear tree, it was expected to be deserving of all kinds of superlatives: Worst picture of the decade. Biggest waste of talent. Poorest use of plastic material. Unfortunately, for those of us who enjoy writing hyperbolic reviews, it's not even that.

We expected a *What's New Pussycat?* with elephantiasis; we find an exceedingly moderate movie. *Casino* is moderately hilarious, spectacular, dazzling and "in." It is also moderately tasteless, dull, self-indulgent and overlong. To top the other Bond films in at least one respect, *Casino* does indeed feature a plethora of poontang—and the girls are moderately sexy. Ursula Andress, Barbara Bouchet and Daliah Lavi have all been so overexposed in the pages of *Playboy* that their presence in diaphanous gear provokes little interest; Joanna Pettet, as Mata Bond, result of a union between Mata Hari and James Bond (we can at least thank the covey of writers for not calling her Hari James), can only project chipmunk cuteness in a role that cries out for the talents of Barbara Ferris; only Jackie Bisset, as low-down double-dealing irresistible Miss Good-thighs, would raise anyone's concupiscence quotient.

A pleasant surprise, amid all the hyperthyroid campery, is the almost realistic playing by Peter Sellers and David Niven; they make their characters seem like real human beings who happen to have fallen into a surrealistic snakepit. Sellers' fumbling seduction scene with the incredible Ursula (she's seducing him, of course), filmed in slow motion, through a fish-tank of pastels, and backed by dusky Dusty Springfield singing a cool bossa-nova by Burt Bacharach, is graceful, funny and excessively marvelous. Unfortunately, no director can be credited for this lovely sequence because the individual sequences aren't marked and no individual styles are demonstrated anyway. It's all Mid-Sixties Hollywood.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE, the fifth and probably last Sean Connery-James Bond film, is remarkable for being indistinguishable from the other four. As it was made by a director (Lewis Gilbert), scenarist (Roald Dahl) and photographer (Freddie Young) new to the series, *Twice*'s snug fit into the mold represents a triumph for the corporate creativity of the men most responsible for the success of the Bond brew: author Ian Fleming (who bottled Bond), producers Harry Saltzman and Cubby Broccoli (who manufactured it), production designer Ken Adam (who packaged it) and star Connery (who sold it). Still, the film has two noticeable flaws: the color is grainy and uneven (as it is in two other United Artists releases, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* and *King of Hearts*), and Connery gives evidence by his walk-through performance of having contracted the dread disease Warrenbeatty, which produces on an actor's face the appearance of a man attacked by nausea and lockjaw simultaneously.

TWO FOR THE ROAD. Comedy films that play it for real face a very real

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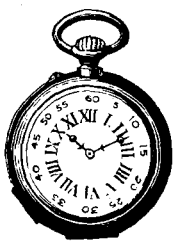

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problem. They must involve us with characters we take to be human (who still throw off witty *mots* with every sentence) in situations that don't seem contrived (but are entertaining). That's not easy. In the Czech *Loves of a Blonde*, for instance, the script-writers bombard us with comic bit after comic bit—a window shade that keeps snapping up, a bedspread that doesn't quite cover two people, a boy climbing into the wrong bedroom window—each bit balanced and developed like a paragraph in a Papal encyclical and thus entirely predictable; yet we are to believe that the characters are human, not theatrical, and that the things happening to them are casual, not causal. In the Anglo-American *Two for the Road*, we are supposed to accept Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney as a couple whose life together is recounted through snippets of five road trips through France over a dozen years; that Audrey (finally middle-aged, poor darling), who has been witty and beguiling in a dozen sparkling comedies, can now find almost nothing amusing to say, and that Albert, as charming in *Tom Jones* as he was terrifying in *Luther*, is an easily bored—and boring—bastard with a voracious sexual appetite.

If the film had been shot in "realistic" black-and-white, without two such well-known performers, and without Henry Mancini's string section sawing away under the dialogue (it is surely the most over-orchestrated movie since *The VIPs*), *Two for the Road* might have had a chance; even as it is, it often manages to create a wistful evanescent mood for these two people chasing after an elusive marital rapport. But Stanley Donen, whose last effort (*Arabesque*) was the best-made American film of the Sixties, has directed it as his usual light comedy, and the result is a heavy and uncomic light comedy. Still, the blame should not fall on Mr. Donen, but on scripter Frederic Raphael, who has attempted to develop the marital figures he drew so caustically in *Darling*—except that here, the man is "Darling," spoiled, aggressive and on the make. But while the Hepburn and Finney characters are fairly realistic (if unappealing), all others in the film are caricatures, and not funny but silly. In a comedy, if you can't laugh with the characters, you should at least be able to laugh at them. *Two for the Road* is as pretty, empty and unfunny as the couple it tries to describe.

I, A WOMAN. Most "sexploitation" movies (sex exploitation—an apt description) are made for "slobs," to quote a producer of such films; thus they feature absurd stories, inept direction, nonexistent production values, and scrofulous, self-parodying superstars. (With the substitution of "snob" for "slob," the same could be said of most Underground Movies, but no matter.) A few sexploiters are made with a modicum of taste; these are usually European productions released in the U.S. by Audubon Films. Two years ago Audubon distributed the best sex-exploitation film of the decade—Jose Benazeraf's *Sexus*—which had been praised by France's cult of *cineastes*, but which featured too much bare skin to be tolerated in U.S. art theaters. Since then, the increasing use of nudity in "respectable" features has opened the art-house door to the well-made exploitation film—and Audubon was ready with its Danish-Swedish import, *I, a Woman*. Mac Ahlberg's direction and Siv Holm's story aren't exceptional; in fact, the former is a bit overstated and the latter is more than a bit silly. But, aye, that woman! Essy Persson is her name, and she has the face, body and, yes, acting ability to triumph in material far more sophisticated than that offered her here. She plays an innocent coquette whose conversion to non-stop sex is as neurotic as her former belief in a constrained form of Lutheranism. How she managed to invest so much life into such a moribund role, or why she bothered, are unimportant questions. As to the query, "Why are so many people going to see *I, a Woman?*," the answer is surely Essy Persson.

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PRIVILEGE, though it claims to be based on Johnny Speight's original story, was actually suggested by Beatle John Lennon's offhand observation of a year or so ago, "We're more popular than Jesus." Assuming the truth of this statement (and for 1967, substitute Monkees for Beatles), what if the Church of England, recognizing a slide in attendance that by 1990 would leave only the clergy in the churches, attempted to win back its influence and popularity by sponsoring a "Christian Conformity Week" led by the world's most popular pop singer, Steven Shorter (played by pop singer Paul Jones)? What if government and industry joined the Church in an effort to rekindle British nationalism by promoting a rally-revival in the National Stadium—an event attended by altar boys, Girl Guides, youth corpsmen, soldiers, an honor guard wearing SS (Steven Shorter) armbands, the crippled, the clergy and the cabinet—and highlighted by Steven's witness to God and Country (backed by a rock band playing English hymns)? Would such a campaign inspire the British people to bring Jerusalem to England's green and pleasant land? Or would they realize they were being manipulated by a corrupt combine of powers?

These are questions that evidently bothered Peter Watkins, who in *The War Game* devoted his energies to speculating what would happen after the Bomb was dropped on Britain. What Watkins should have spent some time considering was his method of attack on all the institutions listed above: at times his tone is satiric, at other times parodic, his mood fluctuates from dead serious to dreadfully silly. His choice of leading players was also unfortunate: Jones is a handsome boy, but he has only one expression suggesting painful self-control of unspeakable dyspepsia; his girl-friend is played by Jean Shrimpton in an amateur fashion, and their love scenes are so filled with lower-middle-class banalities that they must have been improvised. The supporting cast is excellent, and Mark London, as Steven's American-born business manager, gives a remarkable portrayal of a show-biz voluptuary. But the cast cannot support the script, which is about twice as long as it should have been. Had *Privilege* been *The War Game*'s length (47 minutes) instead of its final 107, it might really have been worth singing about.

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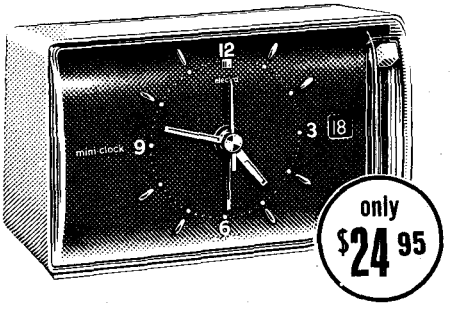

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ORIGINS OF POLITICAL STABILITY: ENGLAND 1675-1725, by J. H. Plumb. (Houghton, $6.00). This book, which is a printed version of the Ford Lectures at Oxford for 1965, is by way of being an overpriced bargain—overpriced because six dollars is too much for any ordinarily turned out book of two hundred pages, and a bargain at any price because it is quite possibly the most important book on English political history to appear since Feiling's *History of the Tory Party* or Namier's *Structure of Politics*. Feiling, it will be remembered, traced the conversion of the Tories from support of the monarchy to support of Parliament between 1640 and 1714. Namier, by contrast, traced the political maneuverings of 1760 to show that there were no parties then. What Professor Plumb has shown, in these lectures, is the transition from the two-party system of the late seventeenth century to the one-party system of the mid-eighteenth. In so doing, he has argued that it was the destruction of the earlier two-party system, by judicious use of place and pension, and accusations of Jacobitism, as well as through the inherent contradictions in the Tory programs, that brought stability to English politics in the early years of the Age of Walpole. Whatever the merits of the case—which are persuasive—it is good to see a book of political history which explains as well as recounts, and doubly good to see one which does both so well.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE KINGSPORT STRIKE, by Sylvester Petro (Arlington House, $5.00). "We consider a scab to be stealing—stealing our jobs," said one of the Kingsport Press strikers interviewed by N.Y.U. law professor Petro. Clearly, those on the picket lines at Kingsport, Tennessee believe that they *own* their jobs. In the strikers' view, the "moral depravity" of the strike-breakers mitigates their own responsibility for the violence, for the dynamited houses and acid throwings. Unfortunately, their view is in effect written into the Wagner and Taft-Hartley laws and reflected in decision after decision of the National Labor Relations Board. Professor Petro cogently argues that wages and other working conditions are a matter of mutually satisfactory agreement between employer and employee. Neither party has the right to compel the other to enter into a contract based on unacceptable terms. Petro points out, in this hard-hitting case study of a strike that began in 1963 and goes on to this hour, that in a free society a job is necessarily a privilege—not a right.

M. PETERSON

LIBEL—RIGHTS, RISKS, RESPONSIBILITIES, by Robert H. Phelps and E. Douglas Hamilton (Macmillan, $7.95). Libel, say the authors, is a frightening word to the average member of the press, and it shouldn't be. Libel, alone, they explain, is not illegal. Generally, only when the defamation is false and combined with harmful effect can the libeled party have a case in a U.S. court of law. With frequent references to pertinent judicial decisions, this suprisingly readable volume thoroughly examines the types of defamatory material that can (and can not) be safely published. In order responsibly to inform the public, the press should certainly avoid false libel; but, by the same token, it must not shy from the truth, defamatory or otherwise. Hence, this book, or something like it, should be a standard reference for any conscientious journalist.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (August 8)

FREDERICK D. SCHWENGEL

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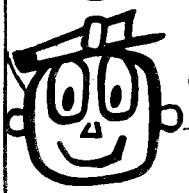

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HUXLEY

(Continued from p. 896)

mechanics, dispensers and clerks, civil servants and surveyors, and a large proportion of the professions such as university lecturers, doctors, businessmen and the like. They have made themselves indispensable.

When the Northerners turned on the Ibos in the dreadful ten days last October and brutally massacred them in tens of thousands—I have heard estimates as high as 70,000—upwards of two million refugees fled to their Biafran homeland. Whatever General Gowon's forces may do, these Ibos are not going to give in. They will die first. And the rest of the country, stripped of its layer of skill, is weaker than it looks. The railways are virtually at a standstill. Produce cannot reach the ports. The roads are awful. Ibos have many qualities in common with the Kikuyu on the other side of Africa, who mounted the Mau Mau revolt in Kenya in 1953. Mau Mau was, in the end, defeated, but only after four years of bitter struggle with the whole might of a then much stronger Britain with complete command of land, sea and air and no Trojan horses to worry about. The Nigerian situation is very different. Only idiots prophesy: but on present form, the total military crushing of Biafra does not seem much more likely than the total crushing of Rhodesia by Mr. Wilson's regime.

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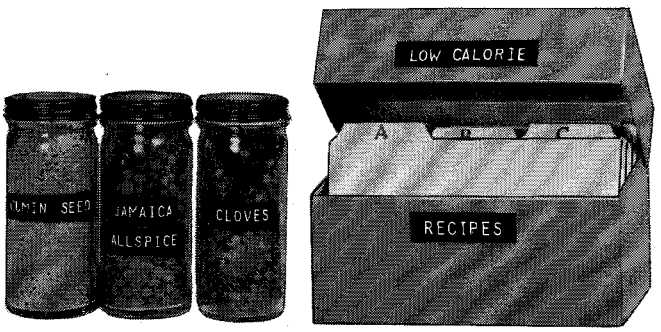

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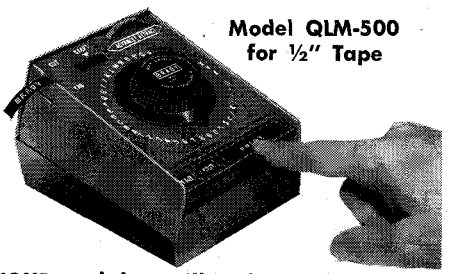

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FRIEDMAN

(Continued from p. 902)

would be open to unmarried teenagers as well as married couples. In Cleveland such clinics have faced opposition from religious leaders as well as Negro militants.

7. *Negroes should champion the neighborhood school.* In Hough, as in many Negro communities about the country, new elementary and junior high schools have been constructed, complete with modern equipment and integrated staffs. Negroes should be the first to argue that their schools are not inferior simply because they are staffed and attended by Negroes. The difference in *esprit* among students at the new, small Harry Davis Junior High on the outskirts of Hough and the hoary, penitential Addison Junior High within the district is remarkable. Though both student bodies come from roughly the same economic background, the students at Harry Davis present tidier appearances, offer fewer disciplinary problems, maintain their school in a better condition. The lesson that should be learned is that given new, small schools, it is possible to upgrade the level of education in the ghetto while still preserving the integrity of the neighborhood school, which, incidentally, most children still cherish.

All of this entails maturity and honesty on the part of the Negro community. The damage in Hough may be dwarfed by the proportions of the earlier riot in Watts or the recent, multimillion-dollar atrocities in Newark and Detroit but the symptoms of such riots are prevalent in any city which has a center of Negro population, whether it be Waterloo, Minneapolis or Columbus. No chants of "Power!" or "Now!" or mass votes for a Negro candidate, whether he be a Democrat, Republican or Vegetarian, will lead to the amelioration of conditions which exist in the black ghettoes. There exists no mathematical equation to solve the problem of summer heat, unemployment and demagoguery. But unfounded rumors, confounding resistance to all police activity, "Pie-in-the-Sky" preachments of OEO incompetents and *provocateurs*, and riots, are not the answers. Only through responsible action will the Negro gain the respect and admiration which he so eagerly desires.

...taking young black men to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia they have not found in Southwest Georgia.

MARTIN LUTHER KING

THE VIETNAM WAR

The ethical and moral problems raised by individual and national involvement in Vietnam are considered by such leading scholars and theologians as Dr. Martin Luther King; Bishop Eugene Carson Blake; Professor R. Paul Ramsey; and William Sloane Coffin, Jr. Most of the contributions included here were originally presented by special invitation at the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. and represent a broad range of national and international opinion. *"A cry from the heart . . . which even official Washington cannot ignore."*—JAMES RESTON. 144 pages—cloth, $3.50; paper, $1.65

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To warm by rubbing	1 144 167 175 103
B. Capital of one of the United States	12 163 7 211 153 25 209
C. The president of Tanzania	4 68 134 9 142 210 158
D. Governor of one of the United States	66 27 104 196 110 11 96 54 15
E. Governor of one of the United States	82 179 208 113 213 181 193 87 51
F. The uniform of a particular army unit	99 5 28 69 74 86 106 116 145 157 214
G. Foggy, misty, steamy, smoky	109 14 88 182 30 152
H. One who makes appraisals for tax purposes	127 97 131 184 170 204 135 55
I. Governor of one of the United States	137 105 118 173 162 76 114
J. Not kind or merciful	165 197 26 89 17 202 31 112 215
K. Zealous, ardent, impassioned	183 90 194 143 140 172 166 80
L. Intercalation, as of a day in a year	195 206 191 59 18 121 91 159
M. To inhale and exhale	36 185 19 32 122 81 92
N. A soldier who does chores for an officer	39 154 52 37 216 34 77
O. People who attend certain musical performances (some of them enjoy them)	47 57 65 111 150 38 217 56 146 168

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Governor of one of the United States	10 186 78 6 102 93 218
Q. To engage in a contest	23 132 187 60 123 171 203
R. Charmingly or exquisitely beautiful	33 198 40 188 61 192
S. Unavailing or futile	119 20 41 94 62 83 125
T. Intellectual power, intelligence	156 42 50 219 189 141
U. One who wants his half in the middle	178 155 67 147 24 174 107
V. Inappropriately	205 43 49 98 190 148 35
W. A line of shoals at the north entrance to the Strait of Dover	16 8 21 45 176 207 3 13 63 70 124 130
X. A system of therapeutics founded by Samuel Hahnemann	117 29 46 58 73 85 2 220 138 149
Y. A violent downpour of rain	161 100 22 64 139 72 126
Z. A type of surgical incision	164 108 101 201 128 177 53 221
x. An itinerant burglar; a thug	169 44 71 115 133 160 120
y. A jockey; three-time Kentucky Derby winner	200 75 151 180 84
z. One who tenders	212 79 136 95 199 129 48

See page 920 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 A	2 X	3 W		4 C	5 F	6 P		7 B	8 W	9 C	10 P		11 D	12 B	13 W	
14 G	15 D	16 W	17 J	18 L	19 M	20 S		21 W	22 Y		23 Q	24 U	25 B	26 J	27 D	28 F
29 X		30 G	31 J	32 M	33 R	34 N	35 V		36 M	37 N		38 O	39 N	40 R	41 S	42 T
43 V	44 x	45 W		46 X	47 O	48 z	49 V		50 T	51 E	52 N		53 Z	54 D	55 H	56 O
	57 O	58 X	59 L	60 Q	61 R	62 S		63 W	64 Y	65 O		66 D	67 U	68 C	69 F	70 W
71 x		72 Y	73 X		74 F	75 y	76 I	77 N		78 P	79 z		80 K	81 M	82 E	83 S
84 y		85 X	86 F	87 E	88 G	89 J	90 K		91 L	92 M	93 P		94 S	95 z	96 D	97 H
	98 V	99 F	100Y	101Z	102P	103A	104D		105I	106F		107U	108Z	109Q	110D	111O
112J	113E	114I	115x		116P	117X	118I		119S	120x	121L	122M	123Q	124W		125S
126Y	127H	128Z	129z	130W		131H	132O	133x	134C		135H	136z		137I	138X	139Y
140K		141T	142C	143K		144A	145F	146O	147U	148V	149X		150Q	151y	152G	
153B	154N	155U	156T	157F	158C	159L		160x	161Y		162I	163B	164Z		165J	166K
	167A		168O	169x	170H	171Q	172K	173I		174U	175A		176W	177Z	178U	179E
180y		181E	182G	183K	184H	185M	186P	187Q	188R	189T	190V		191L	192R		193E
194K	195L		196D		197J		198R	199z		200y	201Z	202J	203Q		204H	205V
206L	207W	208E	209B	210C		211B	212z	213E	214F	215J	216N	217O	218P	219T	220X	221Z

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 882)

the liquidation of Israel, insist on violating Article 2 of the UN Charter, notably Art. 2/4. Cairo sponsors the Committee for the Solidarity of Afro-Asian Countries. It is carrying out subversive activities all over Africa. It has waged, and still is waging, aggression against Yemen, Saudi Arabia, Aden and Eritrea. Clearly, therefore, Cairo aims at far more ambitious goals than the mere destruction of Israel.

"The crux of our Middle East strategy is inevitably our policy toward the Arab nations," writes James Burnham [June 27]. I agree. But exactly as we must distinguish between Nazi and anti-Nazi Germans, between Communist and anti-Communist Russians and Chinese, and between anti-American and pro-American Cubans, so the Arabs and their many feuding states cannot be considered as a politically uniform group. And some of these Arab states, on a deliberately mendacious pretext, have broken relations with the United States.

France has stopped weapons deliveries to Israel. The Soviet Union has been continuing, without let-up, its massive weapons deliveries to Egypt and Syria. Red China may make available a few nuclear bombs to Egypt. (In 1965, to activate the intended Indonesian aggression against Malaysia, Mao Tse-tung promised nuclear test devices to Sukarno.) By contrast, Israel, despite its recent successes, is lacking spare parts, suffers from gaps and obsolescence in its armaments, and urgently needs the resupply and modernization of its arsenal. If we want to preclude still another explosion, we'd better guarantee that, pending the establishment of a viable peace and the overthrow by the Arab peoples of their present aggressive *fuehrers* and *vozhds*, the U.S. will match the rearmament of the Arab states by giving, promptly, more and better weapons to Israel.

Our problem is to find *one* policy to deal with Arab Communists as well as pro-Soviet and pro-Chinese Arab "revolutionaries"; and a second policy to establish constructive relations with reasonable Arab statesmen who are interested in economic and political progress and who decline to foment people's wars which, in the interest of world Communism, aim at the ultimate defeat of the United States.

Stanford, Cal. STEFAN T. POSSONY

NR's New Look

I love the "new look" of *NR*! Each issue is better than the last—which just goes to prove that one *can* improve on perfection.

Silver Spring, Md. JANE BOTTORFF

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TWO DELIGHTFUL HOUSES for rent, fully furnished and in prize locations—one on 35 acres of privacy, the other with spectacular view of Lake Waramaug. Each has 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. These attractive places are fine for weekends or for those who would enjoy living a while in this charming northwest section of Connecticut. $160, $175 monthly. Write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. 203 927-3117

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WINE COUNTRY OF CALIFORNIA: Victorian estate in St. Helena. Completely modern, beautifully landscaped. Two studios afford rental income, future growth potential. Broker cooperation. Ask for brochure. Kenneth L. Granger, St. Helena 94574. Phone (707) 963-2045.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Some of **Romney braintrusters,** hired last winter and spring, want out, says one of them in private. A couple have quit, other resignations expected. . . . **George Wallace** definitely will stay in race. There is no candidate yet mentioned—**Ronald Reagan** included—says Wallace who will suit him, excepting of course himself. . . . Solidarity forever: Tim Petri, executive director the **liberal Republican Ripon Society,** says he thinks Reagan has best chance, as of now, of getting GOP nomination; and that he sees no prospect that Riponites will support RR. . . Latest **Melvin Field Poll** in California, incidentally, shows 74 per cent pleased with Reagan's "personality and style." . . . **Robert Duncan,** who'll be running against **Wayne Morse** in Oregon Democratic hawk-*v.*-dove primary, having trouble raising campaign funds. Morse also worried: he's started hiring campaign staffers months ahead of schedule. Duncan ran against Hatfield in '66. . . . Oh no please don't: said former Mississippi Governor **Ross Barnett** when told that **James Meredith** was supporting his gubernatorial bid. . . . Comedian **Dick Gregory**—self-proclaimed Presidential peace candidate—telling Negroes they were led astray in 1964: they should have voted for Goldwater, not Johnson.

■ Sounds far out, but could be: Rumor that **Rap Brown** may try to take over some GOP state organizations in the South. GOP registrations in many parts of South relatively sparse—the party only wins with heavy Democratic switchover votes—so fast registration drive by Negroes could conceivably deliver some state GOP organizations to **Black Powerites.** . . . Jack Minnis, one of few remaining white behind-the-scenes wheels in **SNCC,** now writing for Peking-oriented *National Guardian.* . . . Arraigned for the firebombing of two stores in Negro section of Hartford last week, **Leroy Moton.** Name vaguely familiar? He was the civil rights worker in car with Mrs. **Viola Liuzzo** when she was murdered in Selma two years ago. . . . Among those who got back U.S. citizenship in Supreme Court decision that permits U.S. citizens to vote in foreign national elections without losing their citizenship, Mrs. **Janet Jagan,** American-born wife of the leftist former Guyana leader, Dr. **Cheddi Jagan.**

Jon, *Daily Mail,* London — Ben Roth Agency

"George, ever thought of the flower people approach to de Gaulle?"

■ On Tshombe front: **Robert Kennedy** has endorsed the **save-Tshombe committee** because "the extradition of Mr. Tshombe would only compound the violation of international law that occurred when [he] was kidnaped." . . . French sources doubt that **Boumedienne** will turn Tshombe over to **Mobutu** until after the September meeting of the Organization of African Unity, now scheduled to be held in Kinshasa. . . . Lawyers for **Ben Bella** and **Benalla** (another former Algerian military officer) are threatening to take their cases to the **"Bertrand Russell international tribunal."** Families of both men claim they are being mistreated in prison.

■ Sweet Music in the Aisles Department: While Latin American Communists gathered in Havana last week still another attempt was made on life of Venezuelan President **Raul Leoni.** Wall in front of his house sprayed by machinegun-toting terrorists who also tried to lob a grenade over the wall. . . . Venezuelan government last week sentenced the Communist **Machado brothers** (Gustavo and Eduardo), heads of the Moscow-oriented party, to eight years in prison for subversion. Leoni has taken lead in trying to get OAS to crack down on **Castro terrorism.** . . . Success of **French Mystère fighters** in Israeli-Arab war spurring sales in Latin America. Brazil and Peru are negotiating purchases with France. Chile, Argentina and Venezuela have indicated interest. . . . Despite official coolness of **de Gaulle** toward Israel these days, an Israeli delegation showed up in Paris fortnight ago to buy 50 additional Mirage M-5 fighters. (They will probably be paid for with funds raised in U.S. by United Jewish Appeal—de Gaulle is insisting on payment in $$$$). . . . Comments *La Libre Belgique,* Belgium's largest French-language paper, on de Gaulle's **Canadian caper:** It was inexcusable. "He would not be welcomed in Belgium—except as a political refugee."

■ Classified ad of the week, in *New Republic,* August 5: "FOR SALE—RECENT TELEGRAM FROM HO CHI MINH from Hanoi about 'MacBird!' $500 or highest bid over that received in 10 days."

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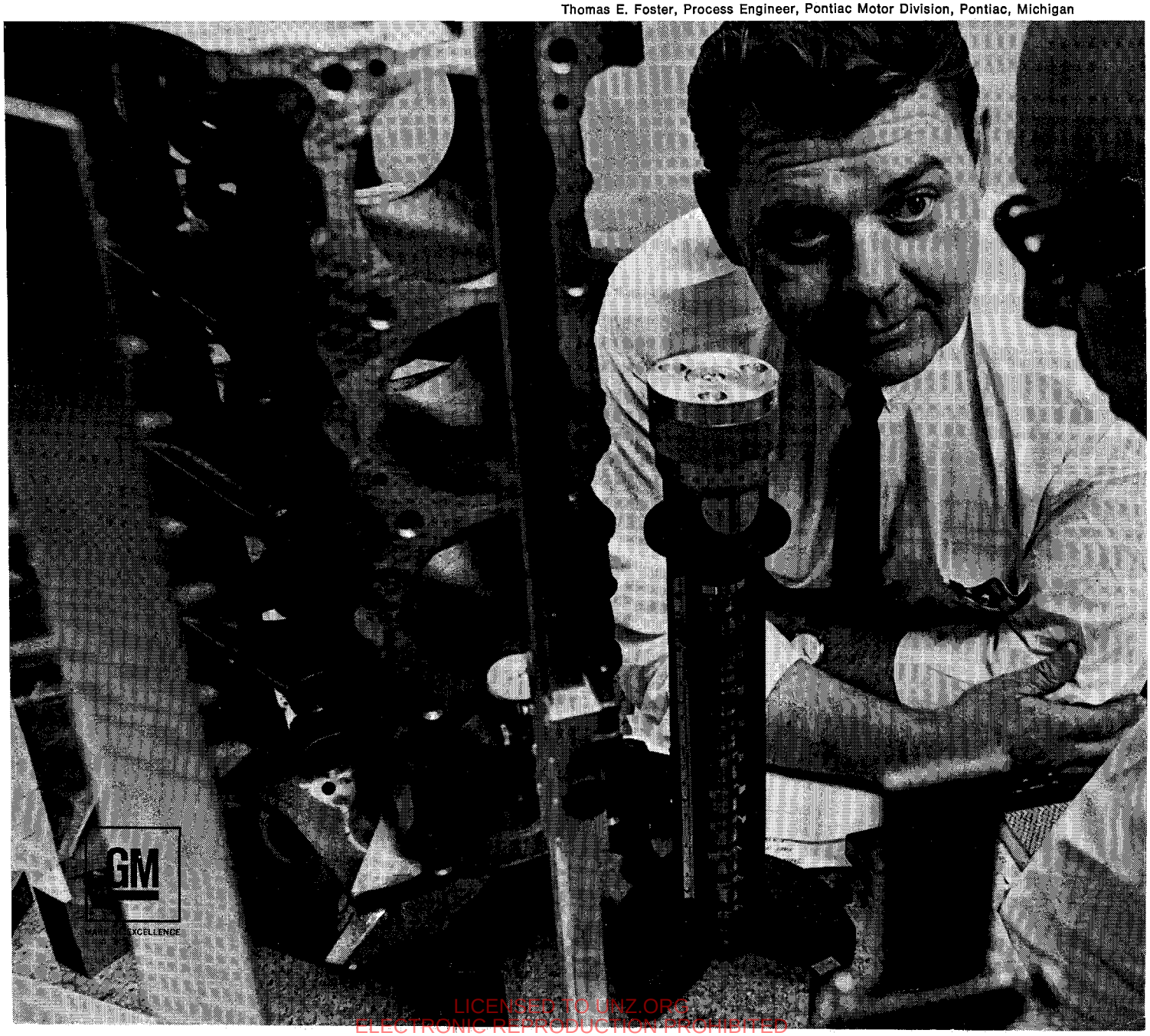

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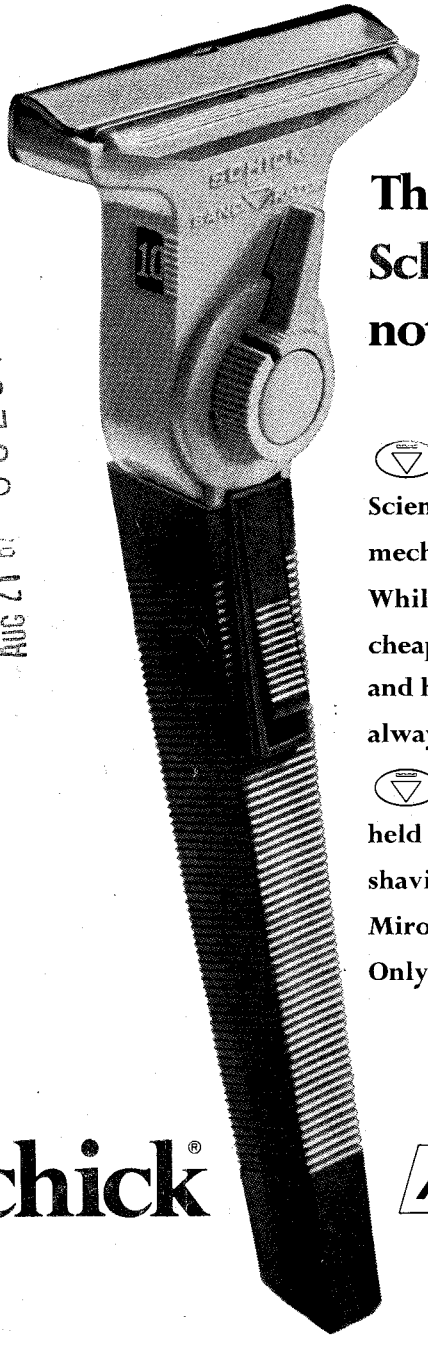
End of the Blues:

Other Band Razors should have their heads examined – you'll find they're not all there!



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